

PENTHOUSE

JULY/AUGUST 2017

EXCLUSIVE:
UFC CHAMP
ROBERT
WHITTAKER

GOLD COAST
GANGSTER
TIM SHARK

HARDCORE
BONDAGE WITH
MISTRESS TOKYO

BOY OR GIRL?
THE TRANS
GENERATION

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BANGKOK:
SURVIVING
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FROM THE EDITOR

Your sexual identity goes to the core of your being. From your first sexual encounter through to whatever follows, these are important experiences that shape the way you see and interact with the world around you.

While encounters are varied, one thing is certain – your sexuality is uniquely yours. Embrace it, enjoy it, and respect others'.

So, the Sex Issue is here – finally.

In this issue of *Penthouse*, we talk all things sex. It turns out we're pretty damned kinky.

We've covered kinks, fetishes, BDSM and a snapshot of Australian sexual habits in the 21st century for this month's *Feature*. We even landed a Q&A with Sydney Dominatrix Mistress Tokyo.

We also have the craziest story you've never heard: A group of punks who injected themselves with HIV. Why? Flick to *Weird History*.

Locals call it the City of Angels, but we found Bangkok to be more devilish in its temptation. We jumped on a plane and then a Tuk-Tuk and hit the sex capital of the world for one wild romp.

If you feel like sweating it out to a different tune, you could head to one of the many Muay Thai gyms in Thailand. Turn to *High Life*.

Charles Waterstreet is fully "exposed" in this month's *Photo Essay*, and we've brought you an exclusive interview with former loan shark, Tim 'Sharky' Ward.

This issue of *Penthouse* sure is one hell of a page turner, I almost forgot to mention the babes. Don't worry, there are plenty here.

As always, enjoy, 'cause it's all about the stories, right?

NATHAN HARMOND

Editor



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CRUSH



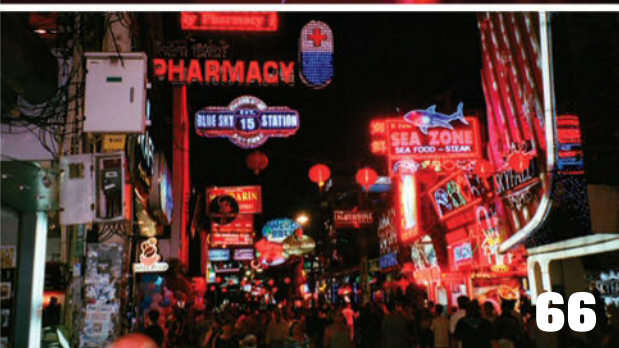
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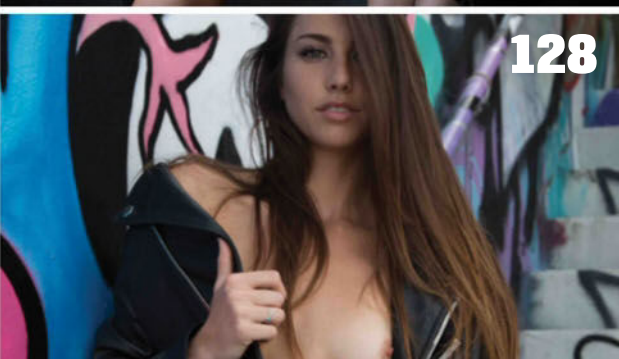
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PENTHOUSE

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One of Australia's leading silks "exposed"

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TOKYO LAUNDRY LAUNCH

Tokyo Laundry launched with a bang in March this year. Rubbing shoulders was unavoidable as the Veuve flowed and celebrity mixologist Max Greco served up an array of signature cocktails with a Japanese twist. The venue was dressed to the nines with traditional ikebana floral designs as geishas, models, business magnates and media danced the night away. Keeping with tradition, the chefs, alongside owner David Loh, kept the guests on their toes with Japanese drummers, a private sake tasting room and an overflowing oyster bar.





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DEBRIEF

24: MAN OF THE MOMENT

The undisputed king of the birds and bees, David Attenborough



27: ATLANTA STRIP CLUBS

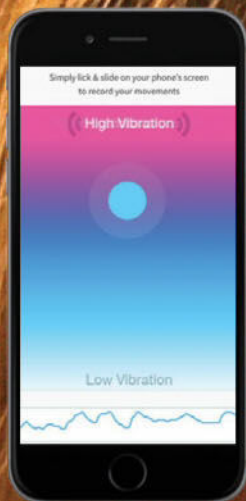
A look inside the new hip hop tastemakers' joints



40: INTERVIEW: TIM SHARK

Unconventional pearls of wisdom from Pattaya's most controversial resident





WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

LICK IT SCREEN

AS if you didn't already know, the world is a weird place. There's a strange orange man from a crappy reality TV show in charge of the most powerful nation on Earth, cars are driving themselves and you can get everything from a pizza to a date with the swipe of a finger. We suppose the theme behind all of this insanity – as many are quick to point out – is technology (except for that manic orange bastard, who escapes any attempt at explanation).

It seems technology is at it again. This time in the guise of a new app that allows you to perform cunnilingus from a distance. What?

We know, we know – why would you want to perform something as awesome as oral sex from afar? We can only assume it's targeted at long-distance couples.

But the question on everyone's lips (ha ha) is how does it work?

The app, which is called O-cast, instructs you to lick the screen in a designated pattern, which is then saved and sent to your partner's sex toy via Bluetooth to simulate the action. And yes, before you ask, lots of sex toys have Bluetooth capabilities.

If you feel your skills are a bit lacking in the oral department – go learn, there's no excuse for bad tongue skills in 2017. But if you're on the spot (or not on the spot, which is evidently the problem) and you need a quick and easy response to your partner's request, there are pre-set options, uploaded by porn stars and webcam "experts." Also good if you're a solo lady and you want something a little more 'real'.

This is definitely weird – but if you're in a long-distance relationship, it could be a great way to get intimate with your partner. Just please, for the love of all that is good, don't do it if you're in the same room with each other.



BLOWJOB WITH YOUR COFFEE, SIR?

A café where you can get a blowjob alongside your coffee isn't a novelty idea: it's a great one, according to founder Bradley Charvet. Following the success of his first café in Geneva, he plans to open a second one in Paddington, London. The kicker: the escorts will be robots.

"Brothels with human workers in London are not legal. Robots were not a choice. And it's not ridiculous to think about this idea right now. You could not

imagine how many people are ready to give sex robots a try in 2016," Charvet told *inverse.com*.

The Baroque-themed eatery will serve coffee and pastries, with blowjobs also offered on the menu just in case your morning caffeine fix isn't doing it for you. Fifty quid (about \$80) will get you a coffee and a blowjob, making it the world's most expensive coffee.

Customers choose their preferred escort from an iPad that lists thumbnail

photos of the working girls – select, sip and suck, while you do your best Hugh Jackman Swordfish impersonation.

Fifty quid will get you 15 minutes of oral pleasure – just don't ask for extra crème or it will cost you more; \$15 is added for every extra 15 minutes of oral pleasure.

The idea came to him after "seeing" blowjob cafés in Pattaya, Thailand. Charvet told *The Sun*, "We saw this kind of café a few years ago."

DONALD DOES PORN

The xHamster porn site has found their Donald Trump lookalike for an X-rated presidential parody after a month-long search in February.

Just when you thought you'd gotten enough of Trump, xHamster asked its followers to vote for one of three finalists in the contest to star as the POTUS himself in an as yet untitled porno film, with a man going by the name 'Johnny Brutal' ultimately winning the role of 'Cumander in Chief.'

Speaking of the planned four-year series of pornographic parodies, spokesperson Alex Hawkins said, "The Trump transition has been turbulent for all of us. We apologise for the delay in getting this request.

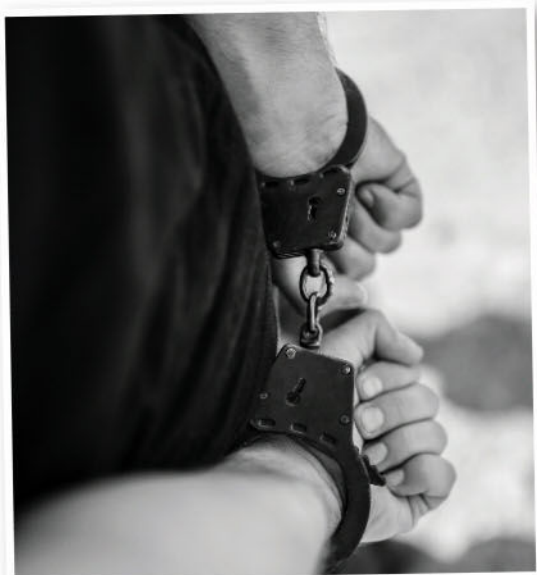
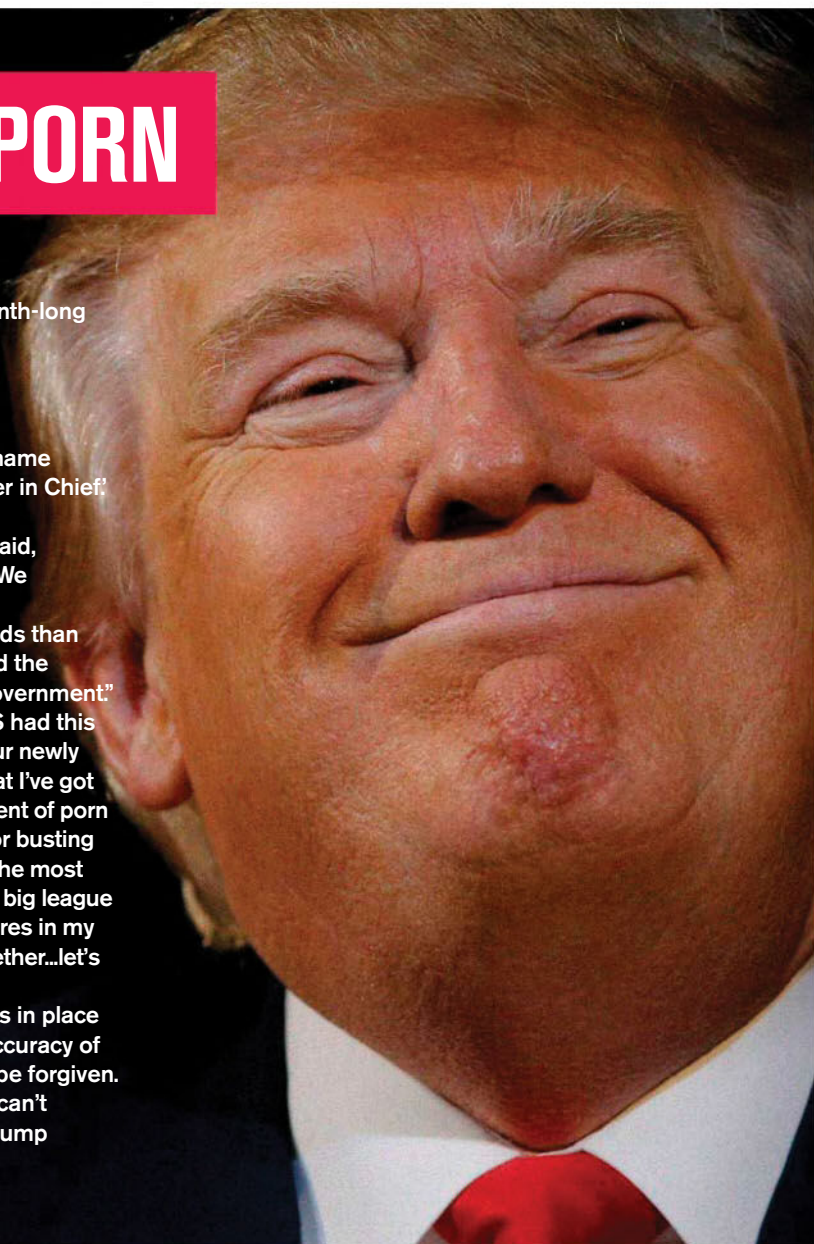
"There is nothing more that the American public needs than quality adult content parodies to help them understand the ever-shifting landscape of their executive branch of government."

In a public statement to XHamster, the porno-POTUS had this to say about his new role: "My fellow Americans, as your newly elected cumander in chief I want you to rest assured that I've got 'yuge' plans for our great nation, I want to be the President of porn for all xHamster fans and I won't stop busting my ass (or busting on asses) until I've helped deliver the most wonderful, the most fantastic, the most beautiful scenes ever filmed. I mean big league cinema, okay?! Friends, trust me, place your sexual futures in my normal sized hands, and place some lube in yours; together...let's make America cum again."

We assume, they had to settle for normal-sized hands in place of the Donald's freakishly small claws, but given the accuracy of the rest of Brutal's performance, that indiscretion can be forgiven.

Brutal isn't actually a pro-pornstar, so in the case he can't perform, XHamster have said they will just get him to jump around tweeting while two chicks pee on each other.

Either way, we're psyched to see the final product.



BEATING TO THE SOUND OF THEIR OWN DRUM

Not the kind of news you read every day, but it's got all the depraved makings of a good story, so naturally we felt the need to write about it.

Two young men were arrested and a third is on the run after they were found masturbating in public to the sound of beating drums. Fellas, that's not cool. You're meant to do that shit in private.

The act was carried out in broad daylight in the main bazaar of Buhadari Wala, Chiniot, in India's Punjab. According to police, the three men were found displaying public indecency by whipping out their genitals and masturbating. Adding to the confusion of it all, a dhol (barrel-shaped wooden drum) was beaten to "keep the rhythm."

Points for ingenuity, but disturbed onlookers quickly called the police, who raided the area and found the accused publicly masturbating. The drummer fled the scene.



SCIENCE EXPLAINS YOUR MORNING WOOD

There are few things as mysterious in the universe as the 'morning wood.' Most people will tell you it doesn't really need explaining because, "men are always horny" but it turns out there is another explanation for your morning glory.

Next time you wake your partner up with a raging hard-on you can tell her, "It wasn't me, my unconscious brain made me do it."

Morning glories, or nocturnal penile tumescence (NPT), are spontaneous erections that occur when you're sleeping or while waking up. On average they occur three to five times during sleep.

Why, you may ask? Apparently, during REM sleep your brain switches off a part of the brain that regulates testosterone to your penis. This results in "excitatory tones" that can be expressed as an

erection. Or it could be due to a release of nitric oxide, which causes blood vessels to dilate, increasing the flow to the penis and surprise, erection!

Finally, have you ever tried peeing with an erection? It's hard! peeing, that is. But what's the cause? It could be an involuntary process that occurs during sleep, or it may be triggered by a full bladder. It's still somewhat of a mystery to scientists.

The nerves controlling these reflex erections are located in the sacral nerves of the spinal cord that are also stimulated by a full bladder. Since it's difficult to pee with a stiffy, it's thought that NPT may prevent accidental nocturnal enuresis (bed wetting).

So there you have it. Next time your significant other asks why you've always got a morning erection, you can happily quote science and tell them it's so that you don't piss the bed.

MISS CAMEL BEAUTY CONTEST

If you thought Miss Universe was the only beauty pageant that matters, think again. The world's most beautiful camel is waiting to be crowned in the King Abdulaziz Camels Festival, where more than 30,000 animals descend on the pageant-style contest.

Festival spokesperson Dr Talal Al Torifi said, "Judges are on the lookout for untouched natural beauty with prizes awarded throughout the festival. Judging criteria is strict. It advises having curly hair, long lashes, perky ears and a high, perfectly positioned hump." And "camels that are found with drugs in their lips, any parts of the body dyed or shaved, or with changes from natural form are not allowed", according to the entrants' handbook.

The prize pool is worth more than \$40 million, with winning camels fetching huge price tags, and the price of camels within the stock market rising by more than 70 per cent.

This annual national festival looks to "strengthen traditional practices, connecting new generations to old" as a reflection of Saudi Arabia's 2030 vision.

We're still waiting to hear if New Zealand will be throwing an annual sheep beauty pageant.

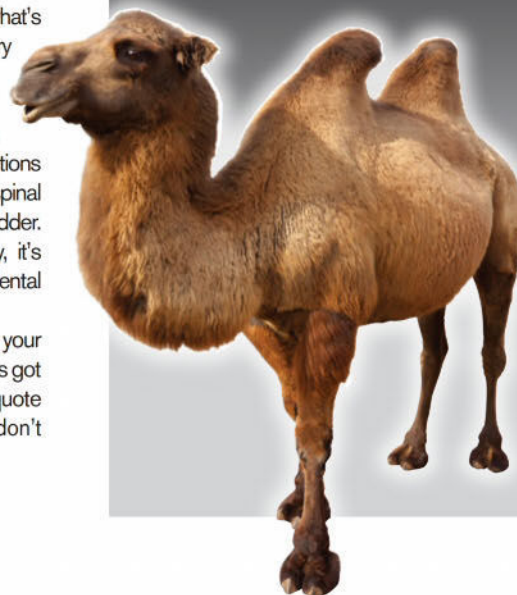


PHOTO: ISTOCK/MILANMARKOVIC / JACKF



BAN PINEAPPLE PIZZA

When Icelandic president Gudni Thorlacius Johannesson was visiting a high school in the northern Iceland town of Akureyri, curious students quizzed him about important matters such as what soccer team he supports and whether he likes pineapple on his pizza. Johannesson suggested he would ban pineapples as a topping on pizza if he could.

Predictably enough, his remarks sparked a global debate as the Internet took hold and *The Washington Post* reported on it. A *change.org* petition also popped up, demanding the president's resignation over his "extreme views". And because these days you can't make a joke without later explaining yourself in a public statement, he had this to say: "I like pineapples, just not on pizza. I do not have the power to make laws that forbid people to put pineapples on their pizza. I am glad that I do not hold such power."

Presidents should not have unlimited power. I would not want to hold this position if I could pass laws forbidding things I don't like. I would not want to live in such a country. For pizzas, I recommend seafood."

PLASTIC FANTASTIC

Is it cheating if you have sex with a doll or a robot? We don't have an answer for that question, but you might need one if you go to the world's first sex-doll brothel in Barcelona.

Lumi Dolls, the first 'agency' for sex dolls, is offering visitors an hour with one of their silicone girls for about \$85 AUD. At the moment, they have only four dolls on offer, including Katy, a busty European blonde; Leiza, an African with blonde curly hair; Lily, a petite Asian; and Aki, an anime character.

The website claims that "every minor detail" is taken care of. You'll get a private room with a plasma screen television and range of adult films to help "get you in the mood." And that, "together with the dim candlelit room and your SexDoll at your side, will be a unique experience."

It's definitely... unique.

For those concerned about hygiene — the company asserts that the highest hygiene standards are maintained and all dolls are thoroughly disinfected after use.

While it seems weird now, the progress of VR porn, along with robotics and artificial intelligence means it might not be long before it's completely normal to have brothels that don't employ humans at all. Will it be cheating when you can download a 100 per cent true replica of Scarlett Johansson to sleep with? We still don't have the answer to that, but we imagine your wife or girlfriend sure does.



BLACK PANTS MATTER



Canadians are supposed to be polite. The people of the Great White North are known for their hospitable nature and tendency to apologise often without having done anything wrong.

So it comes as a bit of a surprise to hear that a seven-year-old Canadian boy was stripped of his bowling medal for something as petty as not having the right colour black pants. What's up with that, eh?

It was Grayson Powell's first bowling tournament and not only did he manage to bowl the best game of his young life (a score of 171) in one of the five-pin games, but he and his team went on to win the entire tournament.

But moments before the award ceremony was due to start, the young bowler's mother was taken aside by officials who informed her that her son had been disqualified because his "faded black jeans" weren't black enough.

The parents of the young bowling champs were pretty pissed off. Grayson's father, Todd Powell, argued that a complaint from the opposing team's parents and coaches only came in halfway through the tournament when it became obvious Grayson and his side were on their way to victory. Powell noted that complaints about the pants were conspicuously absent during the 20-minute warm-up heat before the competition began, when his wife would have had time to go and buy more suitable slacks.

The back and forth between the parents and organisers got about as heated as it could for Canadians, with one organiser accusing Powell of "cursing and raising his voice".

In the end it was decided that the kids would still be disqualified, but could keep their medals. Plenty of people thought it was stupid to make such a big fuss over the colour of a seven-year-old's pants, but for the officials of the game, it seems, #BlackPantsMatter.



MAN CRUSHED BY PORN (NOT REALLY)

According to a story that's been doing the rounds on the Internet lately, an elderly Japanese man was crushed under his massive porn collection.

The story that initially ran in *The Daily Mail* recounted how the man, who is known only as "Joji", was found dead by his cleaner after having been crushed under the weight of his six-tonne collection of old porn mags.

Because the Internet is one giant sausage factory, where content is taken, minced, stuffed with mystery meat and repackaged as new, media outlets all around the web were repeating this story, often with little details added.

"Man killed by six-ton pornography collection," said the *Toronto Sun*.

"Man crushed to death by porn collection," *Sky News Australia* claimed.

"Man dies after six-tonne porn collection falls on top of him," *CBS Philly* declared.

The only problem is that none of that is actually true. Yes, that's right – it's dreaded "fake news." The first piece of reporting on the story came from Japanese publication *Nikkan Spa* (which interestingly wasn't linked out or credited in the original *Daily Mail* story). They reported that the man was found amid his giant porn collection, which indeed was so massive it weighed six tonnes. But there was nothing to indicate he was crushed to death. In reality, it appears that the man, who lived and died on his own, most likely had a heart attack and collapsed on top of his pile of adult mags.

In Japan, people who live and die alone are referred to as *kodokushi* and they're often not found until bodily fluids leak through the floorboards into the apartment below. This man went undiscovered for an unusually long time because his absurdly large collection of porn absorbed his bodily fluids after he fell on top of them.

Obviously the truth, that an old man died surrounded by his unbelievably large porn collection, isn't as enticing for readers as the more clickbait-style headline 'Man Crushed by Porn.'



COMING SOON

MARVEL STUDIOS

#SpiderManHomecoming

COLUMBIA PICTURES
a Sony Company



THE THIRD DEGREE

You guys ever lied on a job application? No? Well good. But don't feel too guilty if you have — according to *CareerBuilder*, about 58 per cent of people lie on their resume.

But if you do lie, be prepared to be unmasked. Just like one lowan lawmaker who recently got caught out because his bio indicated he held a business degree when, in fact, he had a training certificate from Sizzler.

Now we aren't snobs when it comes to education. In our opinion, a lot of dummies have come out of prestigious

institutions like Harvard and Yale (eg, George W. Bush). You don't need a fancy education to be successful in this world.

But there's something about getting your education from a steakhouse that strains credulity.

In an interview with NBC news, Ed Faylor Jr, Chief of Staff for the Iowa Senate majority leader, compared the Sizzler training college to "Hamburger University at McDonalds". He added that it wasn't a degree but that he's "got a certificate."

The lawmaker in question is Mark Chelgren, who claims

it was never his intention to mislead anyone. "I know they've changed that, because apparently a degree and a certificate are different," Chelgren told *AP*. "And I'm okay with their change, but there was never any intent at all to mislead anyone."

Is it just a matter of semantics? Did Chelgren know he was misleading people on his educational background? It's difficult to say. The only thing for certain is Sizzler University is still a better *alma mater* than Trump U.



CLOFU WEIRDNESS

Last month we reported on PETA's demand that the tabletop strategy game *Warhammer 40K* remove fur from its character's wardrobe. It was the sort of whacky headline-grabbing stunt that PETA has long been known for. And now it seems they're at it again.

This time they want to make tofu out of George Clooney's sweat. The group received a gym towel reportedly used by the Hollywood actor from a supporter who believed that PETA might be able to raise funds by selling it at an auction.

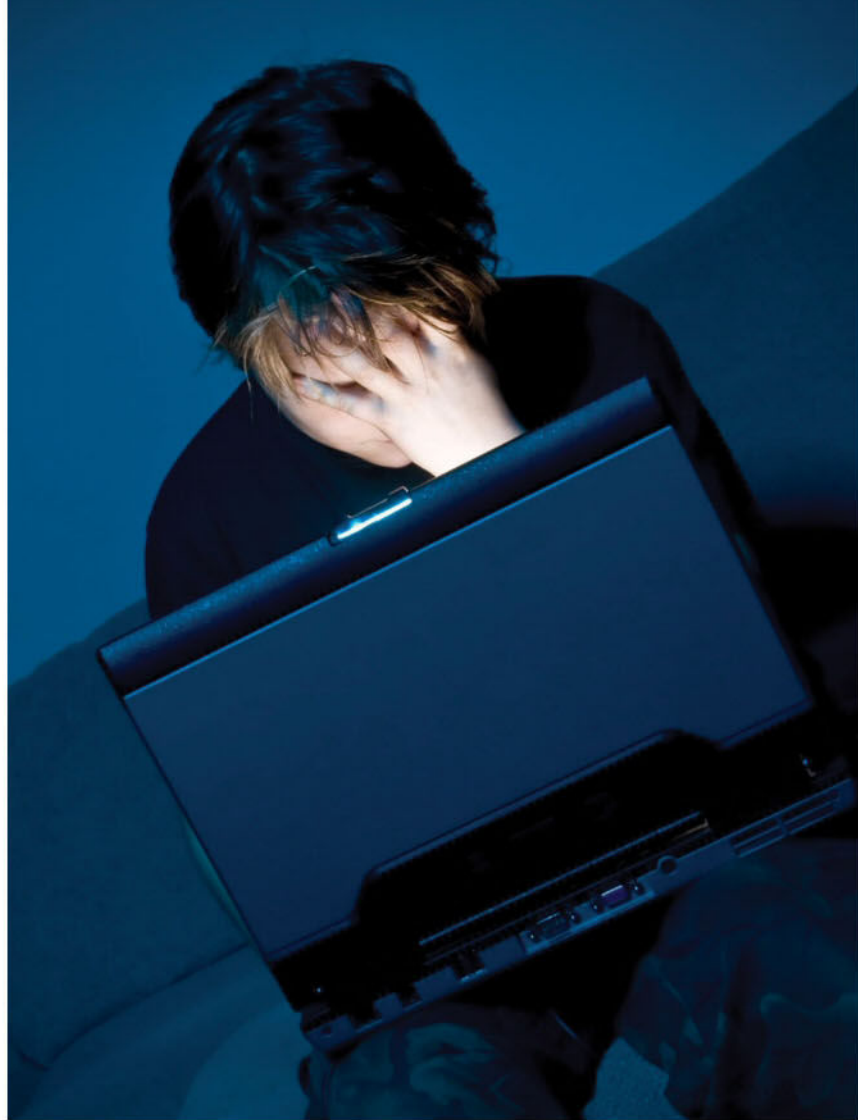
But PETA president Ingrid Newkirk had a different idea. After receiving the towel, she wrote to Clooney requesting his permission to turn sweat from the towel into flavouring for tofu.

The letter reads: "The technology actually exists to take your perspiration and make it into George Clooney-flavoured tofu (CloFu). We could do that and give the tofu away. Of course, your fans would swoon at the idea of eating CloFu, but what interests us most is that we would attract many people who don't try tofu because they worry that it would be bland or that they wouldn't know how to cook it"

Apparently, according to the letter, the science of converting the Cloonster's sweat into flavouring is similar to that of 'making artificial chicken flavour for instant gravy'.

You might think that eating someone's sweat is the least appetising thing in the world, even if a critically acclaimed Hollywood actor produces it. PETA doesn't think so. Their blog asserts, "CloFu could make your tastebuds and your heart melt" They also claim that CloFu could revolutionise diets by making people realise that tofu is actually delicious.

Clooney responded through a representative to *The Washington Post*, simply saying, "As a mammal, I'm offended!"



SEXTORTION CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

By now, most people have copped on to the fact that the Internet is a treacherous sea of lies and deceit. Fake news, fake profiles, fake tits, fake stories – just lies and bullshit. And the occasional picture of a cat. That's the Internet. Just learn how to navigate the heaving piles of horse manure and have a good time. But always remember that the person on the other end of the line (screen?) may as well be a bloody dog if you don't know them in person.

Preying on people's weaknesses – particularly men's – is what scammers from the Moroccan town of Oued Zem do for a living. According to a British study, 30 per cent of sextortion cases come from Oued Zem, which is suspected of harbouring as many as 3,000 online scammers. What specifically is sextortion? It's when a fake online profile is used to dupe someone (let's be honest, usually a man) into performing sexually explicit acts in front of a webcam. The profiles often use images of attractive women to lure the men in and then demand sums of money in exchange for not sending the embarrassing video to friends, family and co-workers.

Pretty nasty stuff. In Oued Zem, the scammers operate like a gang, according to reports in *The Daily Mail*, and target men through Facebook, dating sites and even LinkedIn. The target's ability to pay and the fact that they had "something to lose" make them vulnerable to the attacks.

It's another lesson in cyber security for you all out there. Just remember, if you're online, and it seems too good to be true – that's 'cause it is.



shook me
all night long

GET THE PICTURE

PHOTOGRAPHER Emma Salmon had this to say about the shoot: "She shook me all night long! Shelby is a total badass and this photo is the epitome of our fun shoots together. We get loud, she gets naked and we run riot. An incredible body, skull-covered nipples and neon lights. What more could you want from a photo?" theblacklight.com.au

MODEL: SHELBY



CRUSH

GEMMA ROSE

GEMMA looks after herself. Just look at that body! But it doesn't come easy. If she's not waking up at 5.30am to go train, she's working as a PT helping her clients achieve amazing results. She particularly loves running her girls-only boot camp. She models on the side, and recently she placed first at the IFBB Bikini All Female Classic, where she trained twice a day in preparation. It just goes to show; hard work pays off.

Insta: [gemmaRoseox](#)

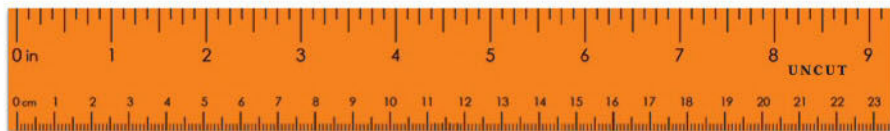
Web: [gemmaRosefitness](#)

Photographer:
Rocky Batchelor

SIZE DOES MATTER

How do you measure up?

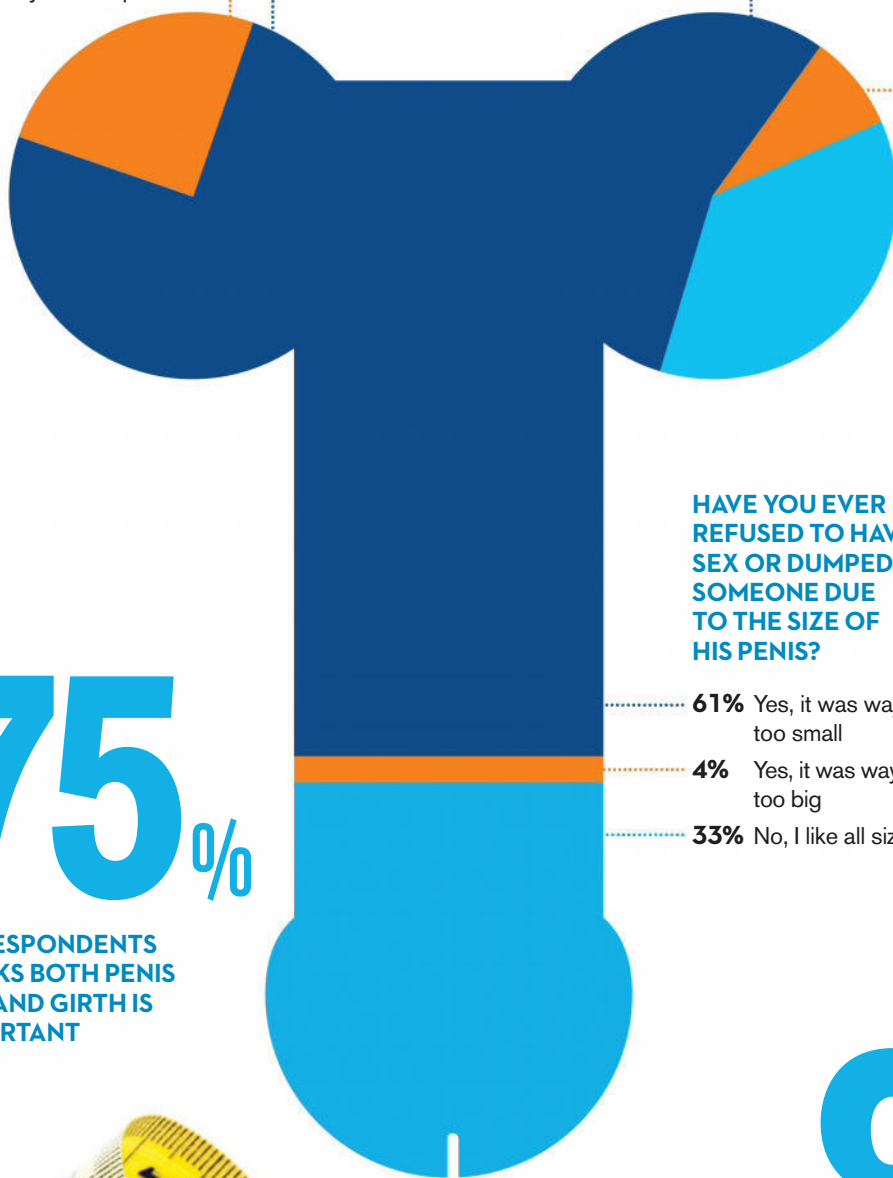
Source: *misterpoll.com*



WHO HAS THE LARGEST PENIS YOU'VE EVER EXPERIENCED?

75% A former lover

25% My current partner

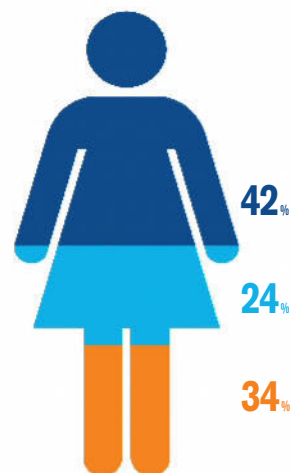


IF YOUR CURRENT PARTNER EVER ASKED WHAT SIZE PENIS YOU PREFER, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

57% Bigger is better

10% It's not the size of the ship, but the motion of the ocean that matters

33% Yours is fine for me



SURVEY RESPONDENTS MARITAL STATUS

42% Married

24% In a relationship

34% Single

75%

OF RESPONDENTS THINKS BOTH PENIS SIZE AND GIRTH IS IMPORTANT

81%

PREFER AN AVERAGE LOOKING MAN WITH A LARGE PENIS OVER A HOT LOOKING MAN WITH A SMALL PENIS





SIR DAVID ATTENBOROUGH

OF all the animals that live on planet Earth, one extraordinary man dominates. He has produced the largest and most compelling documentaries of all the creatures to have ever lived. He's known as Sir David Attenborough, and he is the indisputable king of the birds and the bees.

David Attenborough is the father of the modern nature documentary. His TV career has introduced generations to the wonders of the natural world for more than 60 years, and he's turning 91 this month. It's a solid innings from a remarkable man. Let's take a look at some of his career highlights.

Sir David Attenborough is well-travelled – maybe the most well-travelled human ever – some of his documentaries take up to five years to produce. Filming *The Life of Birds* documentary, he travelled a whopping 411,992 kilometres – that's the same as flying around the world ten times.

His lifetime has been punctuated by a seemingly unending series of achievements. He is the only person to have won a BAFTA for shows in black and white, colour, HD and finally, 3D. In 1985, he received his knighthood, and recently he's finished filming *Planet Earth II*, a sequel to the highly successful 2006 *Planet Earth*.

The six-episode series took three years to make, with shooting taking place across 40 countries and 117 filming trips, but the result has been worth it. "What *Planet Earth II* is doing, is saying 'Let's get ourselves into the lives of the animals, and see it from their perspectives,'" executive producer Mike Gunton says.

There is no doubting the man is a national treasure, and it's a surprise he's still alive considering some of his run-ins. He's been

charged by a cassowary and survived to tell the tale, chased by a rhino, stared down by a wild gorilla deep in the jungle, and greeted a tribe of cannibals with a handshake and a "Good day to you."

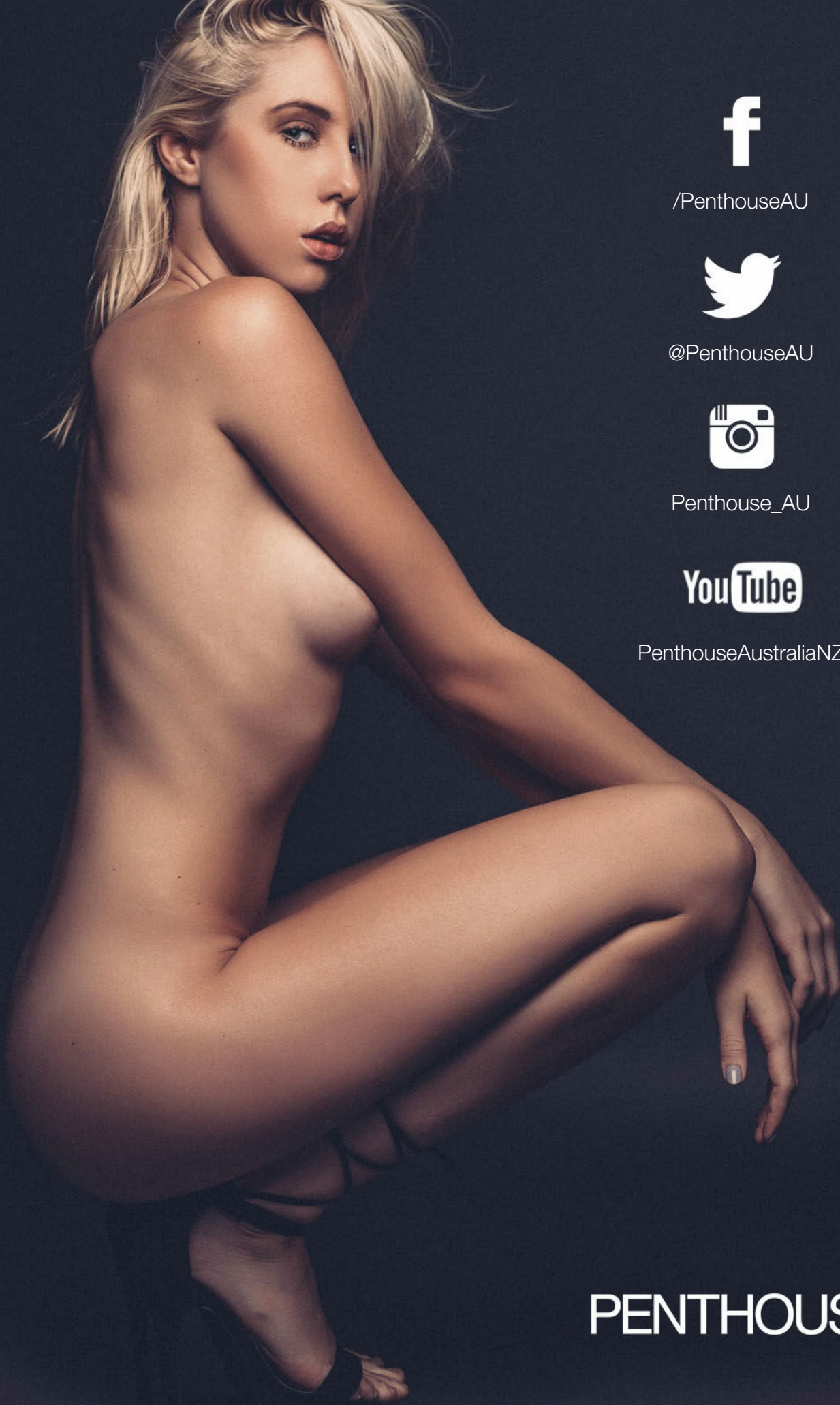
We hear you ask: 'How does all of this fit into our "Let's Talk About Sex Issue?"' Well, how could anyone deny the sex appeal of Sir David Attenborough? We know for certain that panties collectively drop around the world when he talks about the mating rituals of the poison tree frog or the finer points of why a sloth chooses to come down from a tree to defecate on the ground.

In fact, we're pretty sure the Bloodhound Gang looked to him for inspiration for their hit song "The Bad Touch". "You and me baby ain't nothin' but mammals, so let's do it like they do on the *Discovery Channel*." You know the one.

If you're still not sure of Sir David Attenborough's status as a sex icon, here he is on gorilla seduction:

"These mountain gorillas are headed up by a dominant male... She stares at him, a brazenly flirtatious act in itself. She tightens her lips into a smile and gazes straight into his eyes. This is gorilla seduction at its least subtle. But he doesn't seem to be won over by her shameless tactics. The whole family watches to see what happens next.

The young female decides to try a different tactic – there are two teenagers... she flirts with them...she's a tease. As she joins one, the other watches, grunting in a jealous fury. She solicits both males but doesn't mate with either. She only has eyes on the big prize, and sure enough, the silverback hears and comes charging in. With a little subterfuge, she gets her man." **1**



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HOLLYWOOD ACTORS DO PORN

WHILE many interesting skills are employed on the sets of porn films around the world, we don't expect Oscar-winning performances from movies with titles like *Night of the Giving Head*. That being said, there's no reason to believe that 'real' actors can't do porn. In fact, there are a number of mainstream Hollywood actors who once found themselves, for various reasons, making adult films.

For example, many people don't know, but the HBO series *Game of Thrones*, which is set to return to screens around the country on July 17, counts among its cast a number of current and former porn actors. The most famous is Sibel Kekilli, who played Shae, the former love interest of Peter Dinklage's Tyrion Lannister. Kekilli has starred in a number of adult films, but her magnum opus in the field is *Hotel Fickmichgut* (we'll leave you to work out the translation), which scores an impressive 7.8 on IMDb. Besides *Game of Thrones* and adult entertainment, Kekilli has starred in a number of German dramas, with two of her performances netting her prestigious German film awards.

Perhaps one of the most famous examples (and closest to our heart here at PENTHOUSE) of an actor going into the adult film world is Helen Mirren, who starred alongside a number of other major Hollywood actors in the erotic-historical drama *Caligula*. The movie was produced by none other than Bob Guccione, founder of PENTHOUSE magazine. After seeing director Tinto Brass' final cut, Guccione decided the film needed some spicing up – so he employed a few pets and added a couple of hardcore sex scenes to the mix. Funnily enough (not), the film was banned almost everywhere and remains banned in several countries to this day.

Mirren wasn't part of the actual porn scenes but didn't hesitate to strip off, jokingly remarking in an

interview with *People* magazine that working on the set was "like showing up for a nudist camp every day. You felt embarrassed if you had your clothes on in that movie."

On the less famous, but still legitimate acting side of things, we have Dustin Neil Diamond aka Screech from *Saved by the Bell*. Yes, the scrawny kid with the bad 'fro and irritating voice has a porno. It's called *Screech: Saved by the Smell* and he probably regrets making it as much as we regret watching it. Diamond supposedly used a body double to produce the vid (thank god). Apparently the idea was inspired by Paris Hilton's leaked sex tape, which allegedly netted her a cool US\$14 million. Somehow we doubt demand for the *Screech* sex tape was anywhere near as high.

Screech wasn't the only fading star looking to capitalise on the sex-tape wave. Tom Sizemore, whose most famous roles were in *Saving Private Ryan* and *Black Hawk Down*, teamed up with celeb sex-tape distributors Xpay to release a tape of him partaking in a night of debauchery with a number of young women. Beyond trying to make a quick buck, we can see why he went into the adult film industry – with a name like Sizemore, how could he not?

And speaking of natural sounding porno-names, we also like the sound of Jaimee Foxworth, who ended up as a professional adult actress after starring in the popular US sitcom *Family Matters*. It was the arrival of the show's major breakout character, the hyper-annoying Urkel, that forced her screen time down and eventually led to her being dropped from the show altogether. Foxworth resurfaced in 2000 to do professional porn under the screen name "Crave". She may not be totally proud of her choices but she definitely has one of the weirder career trajectories – how many actors can claim "Urkel made me do porn"? **i**





ATLANTA STRIP CLUBS ARE THE NEW HIP-HOP TASTEMAKERS

If New York is the spiritual home of hip-hop, then Atlanta has become the modern embodiment of the genre over the past decade. Rising to prominence during the early-to-mid 2000s, trap music's success is as much down to the artists and producers involved, as it is to the association the scene has with local strip clubs. Since the 80s, hip-hop has been the regular soundtrack to Atlanta, with strip clubs playing a pivotal role in pushing hip-hop forward. Rap group Tag Team were one of the first to use the connection to get their music in the public's eye. A member of the group, DC the Brain Supreme, worked as a DJ at the infamous Magic City strip club and often played his group's own tracks, helping their 90s breakout hit, 'Whoop! (There It Is)', hit the top of the charts. But unlike the early days when it was all about aspiring artists getting their music heard,

today there's a unique hierarchy that exists between the DJs, strippers and artist sponsors that influence what music makes the cut in Atlanta's strip clubs.

The DJ has always been the central cog in the wheel, but the music is now dictated by what the dancers want to hear. Historically speaking, DJs have been happy to accept new music (along with a couple of grand in payment), but in today's environment, there is no guarantee the music will get airplay unless the dancers are into it. If the music doesn't get them in the mood to twerk, then there'll be no money flowing, and nobody makes bank. DJs have essentially become PR guys while strippers are the A&R tastemakers, quick to decide if a song has the right energy to get punters parting with their hard earned cash. The third element to this ménage-a-trois is the sponsors who back the artists trying to get their music

heard. From rich businessmen to local drug dealers trying to get in on the action, sponsors provide money for the artists to throw when their song is played, hoping the exposure will result in their chosen rapper rocketing to stardom.

For some, like Future, who spent years standing by the DJ booth at Magic City trying to get his music played, this new system of music promotion has been a success. But for every Future, there are a hundred failures. Still – no music community has produced as many homegrown hip-hop stars at a grass-roots level as Atlanta over the past five years. There's a strong sense of hope amongst all concerned that the next big hit is only one lap dance away. It's an unorthodox business model but one appearing to benefit all involved, and as long as there's money to made, the odd coupling of hip-hop and strip clubs is sure to continue. **1**

ATLANTA'S MAGIC CITY

Atlanta is home to some of the best strip clubs in America, but none have the reputation of Magic City. Opened in 1985 by Michael 'Big Mag' Barney with just one dancer, the strip club has become a trendsetter in the Atlanta music scene,

known for its beautiful women as much as breaking new artists. Jeezy, Future and DJ Esco are just some of the names that made their start at Magic City, while members of the infamous Black Mafia

Family drug organisation were frequent guests in the mid-00s. It's a place where footballers and actors mix with lawyers and doctors while naked women strut their stuff as the money rains down, and everyone lives the American dream.



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GAMING

PREY

Arkane Studios (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

WAKING up and realising that aliens have taken over my space station, and that I'm mankind's only hope does little to appease my anxiety. The last time this happened I was playing *Half Life 2*, my name was Gordon and these goddamn aliens kept trying to suck my brains out. Now I find myself a world away aboard an eerily quiet space station, *Talos I*.

My apprehension soon dissipates as the game takes hold and I begin to settle in. The graphics are stunning. Arkane's attention to detail permeates every aspect of the scene – currently a limitless vista of spiralling towers and a sprawling landscape. No surprises here, this is the level of detail I've come to expect from Arkane Studios.

Morgan Yu, the lead protagonist of the game wakes up in his (or her), room in the year 2032. It's big, beautiful and grand. After looting my room, I discover that I need to get some tests done. I don't want to ruin it for you, so let's just say the tests go wrong and the game takes on a more sinister tone. But then you wake up in bed and everything seems fine. Hint, it isn't.

"There are many layers to *Prey*," says Creative Director Raphael Colantonio. "There's the shooter aspect, but it's also an RPG and an adventure. You'll explore, fight, play with powers – both human and alien. You craft your play style based on

the choices that you make."

Developers Arkane Studios are masters of the jump scare and ongoing, slow release tension. Your enemy, an alien called Typhon, is able to mimic everyday objects. Thus, as you're walking through *Prey*'s beautifully detailed environment, seemingly innocuous, harmless looking drink bottles, fire hydrants and plates take on a new lease of life as they leap out at you, a mass of sprawling tentacles.

Visually, the game is stunning. *Talos I* is beckoning to be explored. And what, other than an arsenal of weapons and terrifying aliens will accompany your journey? The soundtrack. And it is mind bogglingly good. It gives the entire experience a cinematic feel, and it helps to layer up the tension while you're exploring and hopefully surviving.

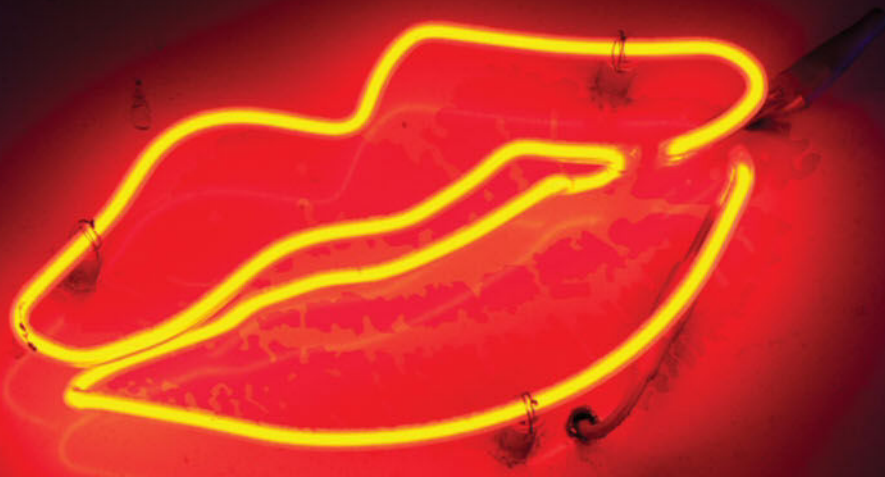
"I wanted something that sounded like 'I'm the coolest person on Earth right now. Look at me, I'm a badass,'" says Creative

Director Raphael Colantonio about the intro credit music. "The inspiration was '80s Italian disco, like a lot of French DJs have been doing for some time now: Daft Punk, Kavinsky, Justice, etc. I also wanted the music to contrast with the rest of the music in the game. It's this big blue sky, a beautiful view of the city in a luxury helicopter, a position of power... versus being trapped in space, alone, vulnerable and just trying to survive."

It's safe to say they nailed it because I feel like Bruce fuckin' Wayne right now. You'll know what I'm talking about. ❶

Prey will be available on May 5. When you preorder Prey you also receive the Cosmonaut Shotgun Pack which includes the Margrave shotgun (a Yu family heirloom), along with three Neuromods (used to acquire new abilities), two medkits, a unique upgrade, and several other goodies that'll help you save the world from the Typhon aliens.





POLITICS

THE POLITICS OF SEX WORK

BY FIONA BEATTIE FROM THE SEX WORKERS OUTREACH PROJECT

THE sex work industry is fairly widely misunderstood. This isn't surprising, given that many sex workers, for a variety of reasons, choose not to reveal their occupation. This means that many sex workers don't have the opportunity to discuss their work, thereby keeping its finer details from the public at large. The following points are an introduction to sex work for anyone who hasn't yet been lucky enough to hear it first hand.

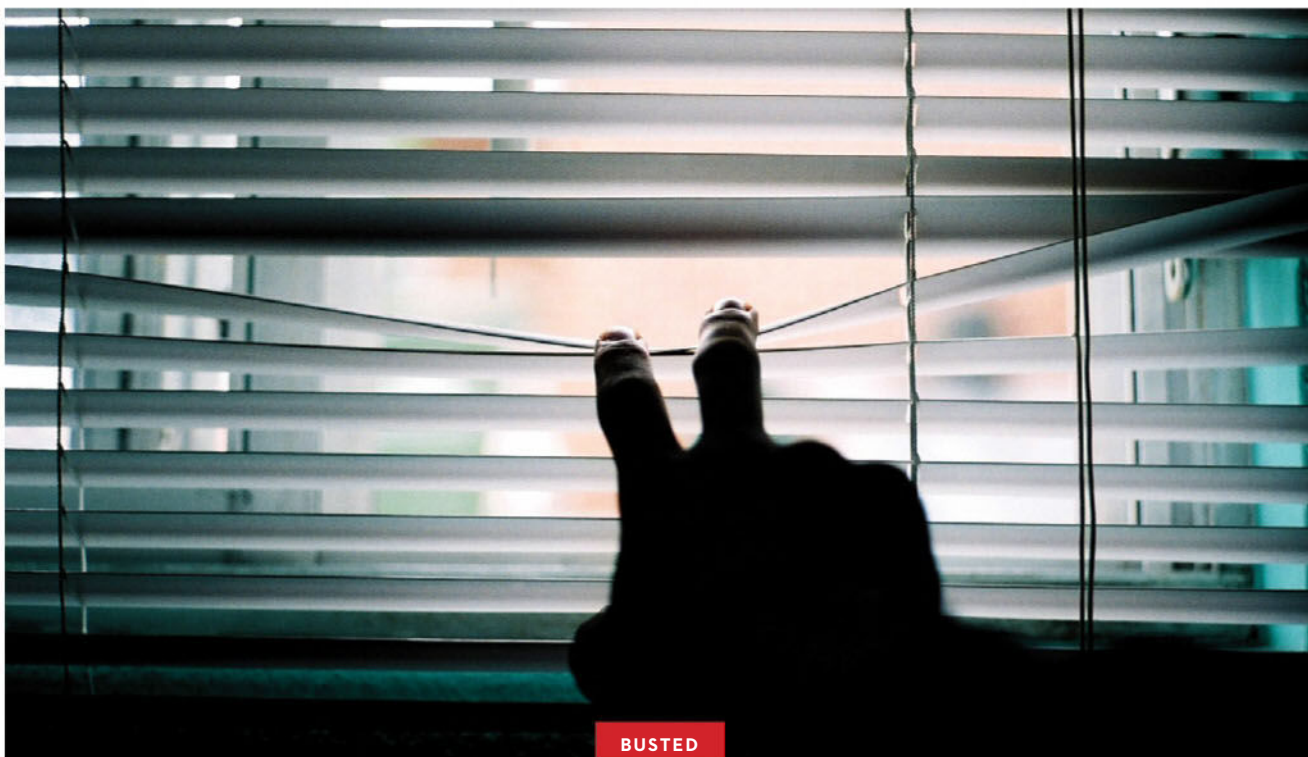
The first thing to remember is that for sex workers, sex work is an actual job. So, much like any other job, one of its fundamental requirements is turning up and working on days when you would rather be watching Netflix with your feet up or holidaying by the sea. On the other hand, the hours can be flexible, the pay good and if you are a people person, which most of us are, the work can be fun.

Government regulation can be a problem for sex workers who tour between states as each state in Australia has a completely different set of laws and regulations governing sex work, many of which are contradictory. For example, brothels are not allowed in Tasmania, but they are the government's preferred location for sex work in Queensland and Victoria. New South Wales has taken the most sensible approach, by removing almost all sex work-specific laws and treating sex work the same as any other form of work.

Some media outlets love to sensationalise what sex workers do in lurid headlines or present them as stereotypes. When was the last time you read an article about sex workers that wasn't accompanied by an image of a stiletto, a fishnet stocking or a car window? Perhaps it is a case of simple jealousy: because they get to work naked while others spend much of their time behind a computer screen. In reality, sex workers are as diverse as the clients they see and neither group should be stigmatised.

The Sex Workers Outreach Project (SWOP) in New South Wales seeks to provide sex workers with the same access to health, safety, human rights and workplace protections as other Australian workers. SWOP provides safer-sex supplies, sexual health information, printed resources, counselling, referrals and information about the law, workplace safety, employment and more. Similar community-based organisations exist to support sex workers in every state and territory of Australia.

How can you help? Well, short of taking advantage of sex worker's penchant for nakedness and their well-developed skills in turning people on, a good place to start is by knowing the facts, recognising the legitimacy of the work, and remembering that sex workers are, in fact, human. Be a sex worker supporter. Chances are you know a sex worker already, even though you may not know it. **1**



NEW YORK PEEPING DEPARTMENT

According to authorities, a detective from the New York Police Department has been busted peeping into women's apartments and pleasuring himself.

Detective Robert Francis, 46, first came to police attention on February 5 after a victim reported a Peeping Tom shining a flashlight into her bedroom, and then fondling himself once he had her attention.

It wasn't long before the perpetrator struck again, and two similar incidents were reported.

"Same M.O. Male exposing himself, getting the attention of a female resident. When she looked, he would start masturbating. When she would go to get help, he would run away," according to Rockville Centre Police Commissioner Charles Gennario.

The indecent detective disappeared for a few weeks, but was finally caught on March 25 when police received a report of a suspicious person in a driveway. After investigating, the police found Francis, who matched the previous descriptions of the Peeping Tom, and detained him before he was able to act.

He admitted that he had committed similar kinds of acts in other jurisdictions.

Police charged their colleague with four counts of public lewdness and endangering the welfare of a minor, on account of the victim's ages – three of who were under 16, and one under 17.

WHO IS PEEPING TOM?

The iconic Peeping Tom is part of an 11th century English myth surrounding a real person called Lady Godiva. The legend tells of Lady Godiva riding naked through the town of Coventry in England. Why? Apparently to lower taxes. After badgering her husband to lower the townsfolk's taxes, he jokingly agreed that he would do it, but only if she rode through the town on horseback with nothing but her hair covering her most delicate parts. Lady Godiva was notably chaste, and the Earl didn't think she would go through with it. However, to protect her modesty, she asked that the townspeople stay indoors and avert their eyes while she committed to the ride. Due to her enormous popularity in the town, everybody obliged. Everybody except for one man – Tom the Tailor – who, depending on who you ask, was either killed or blinded for his act of indecency.

According to reports, his unsavoury behaviour was a result of money troubles, which sounds a little like bullshit. We get it, money trouble is stressful, but getting your junk out in front of others ain't going to solve it.

Whether or not the two are connected, Detective Francis certainly was in dire financial straits. In April last year, a judge ordered that he pay \$40,209 in unpaid rent for his home in Springfield Fields, Queens. According to reports from the *New York Daily News*, in December, the beleaguered detective filed for bankruptcy, claiming he had \$624,000 in assets, but \$727,000 in liabilities.

Francis' financial difficulties had taken a significant toll. He told investigating detectives that he was going through tough times, and according to Gennario, there were concerns that he may even harm himself.

When reporters went to the house of the detective who had served for 17 years in the NYPD, they were told by a young man who answered the door that he wasn't there and to "Get the F—k out."

Francis was placed on suspension from the NYPD and told to hand in his badge and gun. The peeping incidents, although unsavoury, are being treated as misdemeanours. **1**

0717

STUDIO SERIES KORA JADE

THE question behind this shoot with Kora Jade is: "What do you find sexy?" We asked a group of men, and the overwhelming response was: "Things my girlfriend wouldn't usually do." Surprise, surprise.

PHOTOGRAPHER: RICHARD MOMANDO







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SPORT

BORN FIGHTER

IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT AUSTRALIA HAD A UFC TITLE HOLDER,
AND ROBERT WHITTAKER IS THE MAN FOR THE JOB

BY JAMES AVERIS

AUSTRALIANS and New Zealanders are bitter rivals on the sports field, but there is one thing they do well together: fight. A UFC championship belt has eluded them both but, at only 26 years of age, Robert Whittaker has changed that.

Walking into the cage sporting a Southern Cross tattoo on the left side of his chest and a Ta moko (traditional Maori tattoo) on his right shoulder, Whittaker carries the weight of both nations.

Born in New Zealand, he grew up in Menai in Southern Sydney. Training in traditional martial arts throughout his youth, he credits fighting with helping to shape the person he is today.

"Martial arts taught me discipline and consistency; you need both to get to where you want to be," says Whittaker.

Watching him spar, it's easy to see he is the embodiment of a true martial artist, in every sense of the word. A black belt in karate and hapkido, he also recently received his brown belt in Brazilian jiu-jitsu.

He is a reflection of the values taught in martial arts schools across the globe. Humbleness, discipline, respect, confidence and work ethic: he is a product of the lessons learned and the values instilled in martial arts students for hundreds of years. When combined with Whittaker's warrior heritage, you have one of the most dangerous fighters in the world.

"I like to think I'm a born fighter. I was born with some instincts and skill-sets that other people weren't. I carry the ancestry of warriors, and I give thanks to my blood and background."

Those warrior instincts were on full display recently when he went face-to-face with the sternest test of his career – a fight with Brazilian jiu-jitsu specialist, Ronaldo 'Jacare' Souza, a winner of five jiu-jitsu world championships and a former 'Strikeforce' middleweight champion. Before the fight, it was commonly believed that Whittaker would merely be another casualty on Jacare's road to the title.

Instead, he showed why he's the future of the division. Using lightning speed, pinpoint accuracy, heavy hands and a swift kick to the temple, Whittaker managed to finish Jacare in the second round; blasting himself into the spotlight as a legitimate threat to the UFC middleweight title.

Whittaker didn't just beat one of the most feared fighters on the entire UFC roster – he made it look easy.

He puts it all down to discipline and consistency.

"I work a 9-5 job like everybody else, but the difference is that I'm training, I'm sweating and I'm working out. I leave early in the morning like a lot of tradesmen do and I train. I go to the gym and don't get back until night, just like plenty of people. I don't have a lot of time. I don't think it's harder than any other trade or profession; they are both jobs that just have different skill sets."

The comparison to a tradesman is fitting – Whittaker made his MMA debut



WHITTAKER'S WARRIOR INSTINCTS WERE ON FULL DISPLAY RECENTLY WHEN HE WENT FACE- TO-FACE WITH THE STERNEST TEST OF HIS CAREER

as an 18-year-old while working as an apprentice electrician. After three years of tearing through the local Australian scene, he was selected for the UFC's reality TV show, *The Ultimate Fighter*, which he went on to win.

It was from here that he was able to drop the apprenticeship and turn his full attention to his MMA career. In doing so, he made a decision that a lot of young Australian fighters do and went to train overseas.

But deciding to pack his bags and head to Montreal, Canada to train at the world famous Tristar Gym ultimately led Whittaker to realise that there is no place like home.

After finding some initial success with his new team, Whittaker would go on to lose two fights in a row. For the first time in his career, he was staring down the barrel of two consecutive losses.

He knew things needed to change.

The soul searching done in the weeks and months after his second consecutive defeat would put the wheels in motion for Whittaker to find the success he has today.

"I had to bring it back to basics," says Whittaker.

"I went home and I said why am I losing? What matters to me? I also surrounded myself with the coaching staff that I have today; smart people, guys that genuinely care for me and want me to succeed. Now I stay home and do all my training in Australia."

At least for now, the formula is working.

"I want to show the local talent getting up in the scene that you don't need to leave. You don't need to spend thousands upon thousands of dollars to get overseas and train. Not to toot my own horn, but I'm number three in the world, and I achieved that solely by training here in Sydney, Australia."

His strategy was vindicated on July 9th in Las Vegas where Whittaker fought and won the UFC interim middleweight title, signalling the greatest martial arts achievement by anyone from Australia or New Zealand.

To become Australia's first official title holder, he had to go through Cuban Powerhouse, Yoel Romero. A silver medalist in wrestling at the Sydney Olympic Games in 2000, Romero is a well-rounded mixed martial artist with devastating knockout power. With 11 of his 12 fights ending by KO, the match-up was arguably the toughest in the division for Whittaker.

"He's been competing at the highest level since he was a kid. I have to take that into consideration when going into this fight. He's an absolute killer. You have to respect your opponents."

Whittaker's achievement was a long time coming and has in no way come without the hard work and perseverance on behalf of the 26-year-old fighter.

While he holds the interim title, he still has one final hurdle to overcome before he can officially reign supreme as the world's number one middleweight: the current champion Michael Bisping, who is out with injury. Whittaker will face Bisping in a title unification bout next. Bisping is 38 and Romero, who Whittaker already dispatched was 40, making Whittaker one of only two fighters in the top 15 under 30 years of age.

Time is on Whittaker's side, and for Aussie audiences, this homegrown talent is showing no signs of slowing down. **1**







INTERVIEW

TIM SHARK

CONTROVERSIAL, UNCONVENTIONAL AND UNABASHEDLY HIMSELF, TIM SHARKY IS ONE OF PATTAYA'S MOST INTERESTING CHARACTERS

**INTERVIEW BY JAMES MILYNN
PHOTOGRAPHER NATHAN HARMOND**

ON a recent trip to Pattaya, still slightly hungover, I rolled into the downtown area of Thailand's 'Love Capital', to catch the elusive Tim 'Sharky' Ward.

I'm met by a large inked up Australian man at a downtown Pattaya gym. He finishes his last set of curls before he comes out to greet me.

He doesn't fit the archetype of people you imagine lurking in the back streets of Pattaya. Then again, he fits right in. Among the local girls, stray dogs and foreign men seeking love and fast fun, he's carved out a place for himself.

By the time we part ways I've heard some bizarre tales – some of which I can't print in these pages. But this one made it. This is for anyone thinking about heading to Thailand in search of love. In the words of Tim Shark – don't be a wood duck.

PH: What advice do you give to men coming to Pattaya or Thailand to find love?

TIM: I don't believe there is any love here. That's something you've got to understand with these girls. What I say to people is this: "I will line up 100 cocks, and you suck every cock, and then you tell me if you're normal once you get to the 100th one." You're fucked up, and these girls are fucked up. They've been doing this for so long that love is a matter of you looking after them and their family. That's as deep as it gets with these girls. It's a tragedy, and they're a tragedy, but I'm a tragedy too. Everything here is a fuck-up, including me, so that's why I think I get on so well with them. I don't bullshit them and they don't bullshit me. I have a pretty good relationship because we don't even talk about love, it doesn't even get to that. I could spend two weeks with the same girl and love won't even come into it

food in the fridge." And the girl will come over and I will get an anger fuck. That's a better fuck than the boyfriend's ever getting because the boyfriend doesn't get anger fucks. She comes over, she'll fuck me in a fit of rage, drink a few beers, eat some food and then she'll go home, back to this poor sorry sap who's telling her he loves her. But I will never tell her I love her, because I don't love her and she doesn't love me.

Do you think the idea of monogamy is wrong?

I don't think we are designed for it. When I go home to Australia, I'll get a *Gold Coast Bulletin*, and if you go to the classified section there're 500 girls selling rub and tugs, their pussies and a good time. These 500 girls are all getting clients. Who do you think the clients are? They're married men who are bored shitless with their wives, the same wife they've been stoking for the last ten years, and they're ringing these

around and you have your good time, you pay her and she leaves. There is a guy I knew who came over here from Australia looking for love. He booked a suite in The Hilton and met a bar girl. By about the third day he bought her a beautiful motorbike – it had been customised as a Hello Kitty motorbike, so it was double the price. He rode it up to The Hilton and handed her the keys. This was a girl that he was planning on spending the rest of his life with. A couple of nights later, while he was asleep, she cleaned out all his money – it was about 300,000 baht (\$11,000 AUD). She took the motorbike, the spare key and she was fucking gone. So he lost the motorbike, he lost his 300,000 baht and he lost his heart because she fucking destroyed him. When you put your trust in someone like that and they deceive you so badly, it's going to destroy you. You cannot make a hoe a housewife.

How does the sex industry work in Thailand?

I probably know the girls' mindset better than anyone because I speak to them – they talk to me because we've bypassed the whole love shit, so we actually talk to each other about how it works.

The longer you've been in Pattaya, the less attractive you'll be to girls. They like the fresh guys – I call them wood ducks, because the wood duck is the easiest to extract the money out of. And if you think learning Thai is going to impress a girl, it's not – the more you try and impress a girl by speaking Thai, the more she's just going to be like "fuck this guy." The dopier you act, the more attractive you will be to the girls. Act dopey, act stupid, act like a wood duck, but don't be a wood duck.

The girls like the gullible guys, the goofy guys, the guys they think they can extract the most money out of because these girls are not looking for love. They will tell you they are looking for love but they are looking for financial gain. So act stupid, but don't be stupid. That's the best advice I can give.

So you think a lot of Westerners come over here with the wrong idea?

Yes. The other misconception that Western people have is that these poor girls need to be saved. I call these guys 'Captain Save-A-Hoe.'

They come into town with their big money, and their big dreams and they're like, "Honey, I will save you." She doesn't want to be saved.

THAT'S A BETTER FUCK THAN THE BOYFRIEND'S EVER GETTING BECAUSE THE BOYFRIEND DOESN'T GET ANGER FUCKS. I'M THE ONE THAT'S GETTING THE ANGER FUCKS

because we're both on the same page, we know where we are. So if you're coming here looking for love, I think you're going to be bitterly disappointed.

So, should we bother moving to Pattaya?

Hell yes. I love my life. I love my relationship with my girls. For the first time in my life there is no jealousy. When I'm with a girl we have the best time. I'm a very jealous guy. If you're my girlfriend, I'm watching you 24/7. I'm going to check your phone. I want to know where you've been; I want to know why you were home late. That was me and how I acted in my relationships right up until I moved to Thailand.

Now, I don't want to be the girls' boyfriend, I actually find that it's better if my Thai girls have boyfriends because the boyfriends can do all the hard work, and then the girls come over and see me and I get the best of it – I get the easy part. The girls say, "I want to come over and see you, I just want to come over and hang out, you got some beer in the fridge?" And I'm like, "Hell yeah, come over; I've got beer in the fridge, I've got

girls up. I know this for a fact because I used to look after a couple of these girls to make sure they were safe when I was back in Australia.

These married men are sneaking around to get a quick one away – just to get a bit of fantasy and excitement. That's how we are as human beings. But I don't want to cheat on my partner. Imagine if you're lying to the person you're sleeping next to every night, what kind of human being are you? But now my life is so simple, I don't cheat on anyone. I don't lie to anyone, I don't deceive anyone. I am completely free. You may look at me and say, "What he's doing is wrong," but I'm not lying, I'm not cheating, and I'm not deceiving. So for the first time in my life, I'm actually free.

What's the best way to enjoy the sex scene in Pattaya?

You enjoy the girls for a short time and you don't get emotional with them. You can get to know them; you can have a good relationship with them, but don't let any emotion come into it and don't try and make them your girlfriend. Look at it as a business transaction. She comes





THE OTHER MISCONCEPTION THAT WESTERN PEOPLE HAVE IS THAT THESE POOR GIRLS NEED TO BE SAVED. AND YOU KNOW, I CALL THESE GUYS 'CAPTAIN SAVE-A-HOE'

I'll tell you a story to give you an idea of how this is: One of the girls that I have looked after in the past now has a Thai boyfriend who sells a bit of marijuana. That's how he makes his living – he sells a bit of grass down on the beach. They've got a hammock strung between two coconut trees and this is their home. He sells a bit of marijuana, she sells her pussy, and they have a perfect relationship. They sit on the ground, they eat their *som tum* and at night time they buy their Leo beers. They're happy.

An American guy comes along – Captain Save-a-Hoe, and he falls for this beautiful girl. He was taking her for a short time, and actually fell for her. He lives in a beautiful apartment building; he has the widescreen TV, he's a share trader, so he has plenty of money and he can practically do anything he wants in the world. He says to her, "I want you to move in with me."

She went back to her boyfriend on the beach and said, "Oh, *falung* (foreigner) want me to move in... what do I do?"

"How much is he going to pay?" This is the first thing the boyfriend asks.

He was going to give her 40,000 baht a month (\$1,500 AUD). He said: "Go, go, I'll take half that. You can bring half of that down to me and drop it in my hammock here on the beach."

She went and lived with this American guy. She lasted two weeks. In two weeks' time, she was back on the beach, in the hammock, eating her *som tum* with the Thai guy who has no ambition. His dream is to be in the hammock with a bottle of beer, on the beach.

Mr American took the girl to his fancy condo, showed her the widescreen TV, tried to get her to watch movies like *Titanic* and get her interested in share trading, by explaining the

American share market to her. Her brain just exploded. Her fucking brain just exploded and she basically ran out. She grabbed her clothes and ran back down to the beach and jumped into the hammock and cuddled up next to her drug-dealing boyfriend.

They are so simple. The more complex you make it for them, the more you'll scare them off. You know, they just want simple. They just want to squat on the ground and eat their *som tum* and lay in their hammock. And the more complex we try and make it for them, the less they will enjoy it. So that's an example of the mindset of these girls. You know what, it's like they don't learn what we learn and they don't want to. They don't want to know about foreign affairs and politics, they don't want any of that. They just want to know that there's a hammock between a couple of coconut trees that they can go lie in. ❶



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LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX

A SNAPSHOT OF AUSTRALIAN SEXUAL HABITS IN THE 21ST CENTURY. TURNS OUT WE'RE KINKIER THAN WE THOUGHT
BY CHRIS SHEARER

THE red-brick building looks like any of the other warehouses that dot the streets of the industrial suburb of Oakleigh South, Melbourne, but this one holds a secret.

You'll find no machinery beyond its truck-bay doors, no busy workmen, no pallets of product waiting to be shipped. Instead, visitors are greeted by a few parking spaces and a black door with an intercom. It's behind this door that the innocent-looking warehouse transforms into something else: a world of restraints and leather, mistresses and slaves, toys designed to bind, flog or penetrate.

It's midday midweek, but *Fetish House* is open for business and the sounds of a serious spanking bounce down the corridor from behind a closed door. I find myself thinking of a scene from the 1974 Ozploitation cinema classic, *Barry McKenzie Holds His Own*, when our virginal Aussie protagonist finds himself cornered by a callgirl in a Parisian hotel room. "My friend is an *au pair* to an Australian dentist," she purrs at him. "She says you like it, how do you say...? Plain and simple."

McKenzie's big-talk-no-action personality was a direct jab at what the filmmakers saw as middle Australia's discomfort with the sexual revolution of the '60s and '70s. While much of the western world flirted with free love and sexual awakenings, the international image presented of Australians was, well, as a bit prudish in comparison. Was that a fair portrayal?

"I don't think it is," says Professor Juliet Richters, who has worked in sexual health research and education for more than three decades. She was involved in both the 2003 and 2014 *Australian Study of Health and Relationships* (ASHR 1 and 2), which between them have provided an in-depth snapshot into the evolving sex lives and practices of Australians.

So, are Australians becoming more sexually adventurous?

Richters is adamant: "Yes, they are!" Between ASHR 1 and 2 more Australians were having more oral, vaginal or anal sex, and broadened their range of sexual practices. They embraced more toys, licked and fingered more arses and dabbled in BDSM, role-playing and group sex. We're developing tastes for things a little more exciting than vanilla, and that's changing the way we have sex.

SHINY BOOTS OF LEATHER: FETISHES AND BDSM

Back at *Fetish House*, Headmistress Misty is telling me how she ended up in the world of kink.

"I had a fingers and toes fetish, and for the life of me I couldn't explain it. I just thought I was a bit..." she pauses for a moment – "special."

She was 19 when she met a rope-dom who introduced her to fetish clubs. It's at these clubs, she says, where she "fell down the rabbit hole."

"I needed to know everything. I went out heaps, met lots of people, soaked it up like a sponge to explore my sexuality."

Headmistress Misty's clients come from a wide range of demographics and experience levels. Her business has young guys coming in for their 18th birthdays and an 80-something kinkster. Many are married or partnered couples, largely middle-class with white-collar jobs or self-employed, and increasingly they are women. They are multicultural, and some even come from interstate and overseas seeking out this venue. Excuse the pun, but all that seems to tie them all together is pleasure.

"They have this urge to seek out what it is that gets them off," Headmistress Misty explains. "I've looked at the neuroscience of this. It's like a self-fulfilling prophecy where you've found a pleasure loop and you've added bits and pieces to it and you reinforce this loop in your mind so it's the fastest way for you to get off. So it imprints itself stronger and stronger on your brain. You can look at the question like this: Do people seek out pleasures? Hell yeah they do! It's one of our primal drives."

There's no consensus between the mistresses on what's been growing in popularity lately, and that's testimony to the wide variety of kinks and fetishes that people come here to express. There are a lot of couples renting dungeons on their own as well as young guys trying things out: "Less about slave, more about slut," says one of the mistresses. One little titbit, though, surprises me.

"I would say a lot more people are getting into golden showers since the Donald Trump thing," laughs Headmistress Alani. But she says that overall, more people are coming in to explore new things and they don't want the 'high-protocol' engagements

one might associate with the hardcore BDSM scene.

"People are looking for something a little more excessive, or something that plays with the senses, as opposed to a very strict dominant, or master and sub, or slave sort of a thing," she says, adding that discreet adventurism seems to be growing more than anything else. "If you talk to the average person, you'll find the cognition is a little more open, but regarding the way that society portrays itself, not so much. On a micro scale people are much more open minded."

PLAYTIME: ADULT TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

Of course, a dungeon isn't the only place you're likely to find all manner of sex toys in Australia.

Sonia is showing me her dildo. It's translucent pink, about 25 centimetres long and probably just thicker than my wrist. It sways a little as she waves it around, but holding it in my hands, I notice it's quite firm. This is the larger of the two dildos in her current collection of toys, which she downgraded recently since moving house.

"Now I just have two larger dildos that don't vibrate, one vibrating G-spot dildo thing that's sort of alright – I thought it looked like an alien dick so that was cool – and I've got a couple of really small vibrators that I use, which give me a lot of the flexibility that a fixed vibrator doesn't. I've only one anal toy, which is disappointing, so I'll definitely have to buy some more soon."

How many anal toys did she have before the move?

"Three. One was really poor quality, and one, well, my eyes were definitely bigger than my arsehole," she laughs.

Sonia is one of growing number of women in Australia who have embraced toys in the bedroom, whether that be for masturbation or for use with a partner. She was given her first toy, a little 15-centimetre plastic vibrator, at 16, and knew right away that it was "exactly what I needed."

"I definitely found it hard to come through manual system stimulation on my own, so I knew I needed one," she explains.

Sex toys are big business in Australia. According to the Eros Association, which represents the adult-only retail industry in Australia, we import about one million vibrators each year. Just vibrators. Other toys, like bondage gear, have also been taking off in the past few years, according to Richard Longhurst, co-founder of UK sex-toy retailer Love Honey, which has rapidly expanded into the Australian market. He explains that a big factor driving that trend here and elsewhere is none other than your mum's favourite lit-porn, *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

"It is no exaggeration to say that its publication five years ago completely changed the sexual landscape," says Longhurst. "It gave lots of couples who previously would have baulked at using sex toys and experimenting with bondage – tying each other up, gentle spanking – 'permission' to experiment."

In fact, he says sales of Love Honey products have increased fourfold since the book's publication. In turn this has helped open up the idea of toys in the bedroom more generally, with sales of male-centred toys up 40 per cent in the past year, and

toys for couples are an emerging trend.

Sonia agrees that media representation – even one as derided as *Fifty Shades of Grey* – have played their role in normalising toy use, but also says online retailers like Love Honey have made researching and purchasing toys less of a hassle, and less awkward. "They're basically putting a smiley face on sex toys," she says. That kind of freedom has allowed her to explore both latent desires and develop new tastes.

"Learning about sex toys opened me up to learning about different kinds of sex," she says. "It all went hand in hand, as an educational thing. It's pretty hard to figure out what you like until you try it."

GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS: ANAL PLAY

This desire to try new things in the search for greater pleasures is a common theme among the people I talk with about their sex lives. Take John, for example. Talking with him it's clear he's the type of guy who could walk into any pub in the country and start a conversation with anyone there. He's confident but not arrogant, interested and interesting, the right balance of polite and straightforward.

John is also the type of guy who is not going to let what's been called "the last great taboo" get in the way of a good

time. When it comes to anal play, he's given and he's taken, with both men and women, dicks, digits and dildos. His thinking on the arse is pretty simple: "Anything goes as long as you're comfortable with it."

It wasn't long ago that sticking something in someone's butt was a crime in Australia, mainly because the powers-that-be found it a convenient way to discriminate against gay men and trans-people. John says that while he knows more people than ever are engaging in anal play, the lingering homophobia that sustained buggery and sodomy laws here for so long is probably holding men back.

"I definitely have friends of all persuasions and sexualities that do it. I know men and women, all versions of straight, gay or otherwise," he says. "But I think there's a strong social norm that pervades what heterosexual sex is meant to look like or be. For many straight men it's seen as effeminate, or maybe there's an internalised homophobia or something surrounding it, and that's why it's taboo."

For John, though, receiving anal stimulation is just part of the fun of fucking. "I see it as being a catalyst for a higher orgasm."

"Often receiving, especially in heterosexual sex for a man, is a particularly novel experience and I think that's part of the draw of it. It can be a powerful thing as well, but I think in terms of that dom-sub language, it can be totally sexy. It definitely lends itself to that dynamic."

He adds that for him, including anal play in his sex life provides versatility for both partners, rather than it becoming an obsession for either party. "I would tend to use it alongside other things," he says. "Things can be a lot more diverse if you utilise many erogenous zones." For example, he says, if your partner has had too much clitoral stimulation and needs to cool off a bit, it's handy to have another "particularly sensitive" spot to turn to.

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**SHE WAS 19 WHEN SHE
MET A ROPE-DOM WHO
INTRODUCED HER TO
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”



There's another thing about anal that tends to creep around the back of people's minds. Does cleanliness play a part? "Yes, but I would say a very small one," John explains. "The appeal of these kinds of things is that you're having wild sex and the last thing you're thinking about at that stage is a fixation on 'I'm not going to do that.' If you've been camping for three days without bathing you might not, but maybe you would because you're having great sex so you throw caution to the wind."

OPEN-DOOR POLICY: POLYAMORY

Still in business attire, her nose ring removed and her tattoos concealed, Leila looks like any other career woman, exuding a cool professionalism as she sips from a glass of white wine.

"Whether you're fucking a girl in the arse or in the vagina, they make a similar groan," she says. "If you're fucking a guy in the arse, it's a completely different type of groan than if you're doing anything with their dick. Much lower. Much slower."

Leila identifies as queer, but has been in a relationship with a man for about four years. Part of what makes it work is their 'open relationship,' otherwise known as polyamory. This puts her and her partner in scant company, with only about one per cent of the Australian population having such an arrangement. In fact, the only area between ASHR 1 and 2 where Australians became less tolerant was being cool with a partner sleeping with someone else. But for Leila and her partner, it's an intrinsic part of their relationship that has given them more than compromise has taken away.

"I don't like being forced into a choice or particular model of sex," Leila says. "And I definitely cannot get all I want from a male partner." In the past this has made her feel like other partners were making concessions to be with her, but having an open relationship and seeing her partner also enjoy himself outside of the relationship has been "comforting and liberating." It hasn't all been easy – "Just because you prefer a non-monogamous relationship structure doesn't mean you're immune to jealousy" – but it's also allowed them to explore other elements of their own sexuality – group sex, threesomes and a generally more varied sex life than when it's just the two of them.

"We can adopt different roles of dominance and submission, use different toys and positions. It's not like we're constantly having penetrative, missionary sex that feels really heterosexual," she says.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF LGBTIQ SEX

Eizon is thinking hard about what part of his sex life makes him happiest to be a gay man. "Eating butt," he finally says. "I could quite happily forgo penetrative sex for oral and eating butt."

It's not a secret that the queer community, especially gay men, have a reputation for promiscuity. There's certainly evidence to back this up – the average gay man in Australia has slept with 96 people for example, as opposed to 18 for straight men – but it's worth noting that sex in the queer community is generally more varied in terms of practices.

Both Eizon and his housemate Cat, a non-gender-binary transgender person, say queer sex is a lot less penetration-focused than heterosexual sex, and that's something heteros should get their heads around. Cat says their friend calls that mindset the "hetero-slippery dip": believing that once you've started down the path towards intimacy you're inevitably heading for penis in vagina, because that's what you think sex is.

"I think everyone could benefit from seeing sex as a much bigger game than 'penis-in-vagina,'" Cat explains. "There are so many ways that you can feel pleasure and I think it's really sad that there's only one thing many people think they can do."

"Specifically for transgender people, a lot of negotiation goes on with sex because you can't just look at someone's body and assume that sex means to them is what it would be in conventional society. For me, if I'm having sex with someone and they just assume that I have a penis and I'm going to want to put that penis inside them, that can be really alarming and difficult."

"There's a lot of talk about what people like to call different parts of their bodies and what they like to do with them, and that actually leads to a much more enriching sexual experience."

Eizon agrees that what the queer community does better in the bedroom first and foremost is communicate. Coupled

with an emphasis on pleasure over procreation, it's easy to see why the queer community is having more varied sex with more people than many of their heterosexual friends.

"The kind of sex that gets me off is so fundamentally queer that 90 per cent of it would be gone if I was to have the heterosexual sex that most people have," he says. "The further you are away from heteronormative ideas of sex, the more likely you are to be like, 'Mmm, that butt hole looks like it could do with a good licking'."

LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX

The lingering issue, though, is that even when we're stoked about our sex lives, we're worried about others

finding out what it is we do behind our doors, beneath our sheets or between our legs. We might be embracing more practices but generally we're still not comfortable talking about them – even when they've changed the way we think about sex. An abstract notion of what's 'normal' is holding us back.

"People tend to think these attitude changes happen terribly suddenly," Professor Richters says. "They think the sexual revolution of the '60s and '70s changed the world overnight. What happens first is people start talking about things when only a few people are doing them, and then gradually that spreads out into the wider community."

The take-away, then, is that there is no 'right' way to get off, but you're only going to find out what works best for you through communication and experimentation. So get out there and finger an arse, find yourself a flogger, meet new people and try new things. You might just discover the best sex you've ever had. **1**

With the exception of the mistresses, who use working aliases, all names have been changed to protect the identities of the individuals involved in creating this feature.

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INDIGO WOLF

Emma Salmon, owner of The Black Light, gives us a rundown on why she has the best job in the world.

What exactly do you do?

My dream job! Half of my time is spent travelling around the country to pole dancing studios taking photos of girls doing crazy tricks. The other half consists of location shoots at hotels, beaches and beautiful outdoor locations with the most stunning women. I like my photos to have an 'edge' to them, often using a lot of shadows or a strong location to emphasise the beautiful model.

What's the craziest shoot you've been on?

Ha! Without naming names I can say this much: When I lived in Ibiza (Spain), I was on a shoot in a mega villa where they had topless waitresses serving drinks to the models and crew. Shetland ponies and fire breathers wandered around as people arrived by helicopter. Needless to say, the after party was slightly debauchorous!

What makes a woman sexy?

The shape of a woman's body and her curves. Her confidence, style, bad-ass attitude and sense of humour.

What makes a man sexy?

Style and creative talent, a positive attitude and aspirations. They need to be respectful to people and animals and always up for a laugh.

When did you start The Black Light?

About five years ago. The name reflects the dark and shadowy style of photography I like.

What's your favourite place in Sydney for a date?

Being from London, I appreciate Sydney for its weather and outdoor lifestyle; it's such an incredible city. For a date night, I reckon an outdoor dinner at Bodhi in the city followed by a fun show like Absinthe or La Soiree.

Tell us about your photos

They were taken in different locations in Australia and the USA. A beach in Melbourne where we got covered in clay mud climbing up a cliff. A golf course (which we got kicked off), hotels, studios, beaches and clifftops in Sydney, and a dusty side road in the Grand Canyon that felt like a scene from the film *Deliverance*. ①

Check out Emma's work:

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HIGHLIFE

66: CITY OF TEMPTATION

Tales of debauchery in Thailand's capital city



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Getting inked by Thailand's mystical masters



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How to seal the deal





EXPLORING THAILAND

CITY OF TEMPTATIONS

ONE NIGHT IN BANGKOK? NAH, LET'S STAY THE WEEKEND!

BY COLIN HINSHELWOOD

BANGKOK. Even just the name chimes of adventure – two mischievous syllables that should ring as a warning of dark encounters ahead, but instead only serve to lure us closer, drawn as we are to the light of rapture and gratification.

Locals call it the “City of Angels”, but in reality, Bangkok offers more devilish temptations and satanic rites of passage than anywhere else on this planet. It's a city that never sleeps – an eye-opening, awe-inspiring rollercoaster ride that never seems to run out of steam.

From the moment we arrive in Thailand, we can feel it. There's an air of freedom, of fun, of no-holds-barred revelry. And everyone's smiling. What are they all smiling about? Who knows, but it must be some good shit.

The frenetic fiasco begins as soon as we walk out the sliding doors at Bangkok's Suvarnabhumi Airport. The humidity hits us like a sauna; we hear the thunder of chatter and traffic; the myriad food smells. And suddenly we're bundled into a taxi. For a minute we presume we've been kidnapped by human traffickers. A driver jumps in and takes off like a bat out of hell. We haven't even told him where you're going. We name a hotel, and he pitches us a price in broken English. 1,000 baht? What's that, \$40AUD? Nah, mate, how about 300 baht? The banter begins, and we settle on 500 baht with much knee-slapping. He says he can get us some girls. No? Boys? Opium? Hold on – we've only just arrived!



GETTING AROUND

Pink Bangkok taxis are everywhere and are air-conditioned, fast and cheap. The city also has a Skytrain which is speedy and modern – use it to avoid rush hour. But for the first-time visitor, nothing says you've arrived more than those screaming carnivals of karaoke and fumes – the tuk-tuk. You can squeeze in at least five hardy lads, provided one of you stands on the bumper. For the real Bangkokian in a hurry, the numero uno choice is the motorcycle taxi. Draped in orange bibs and lurking at every street corner, these Evel Knievels offer more thrills per minute than your first girlfriend. Two Aussie dollars should take you on a 20-minute helter-skelter ride to the next whisky bar. Then it's definitely time to hit the town.



PAY FOR IT? ME? NEVER!

You'll soon start getting asked by Asiatic lovelies in bikinis to buy them drinks. Best advice is to throw your money around like a Scotsman with no arms (that is, don't) unless you want all the bees in the hive to be buzzing around you. Those who cannot resist the Charms of the East may be expected to pay 2,000 to 3,000 baht (AUS\$80 – \$120) for the privilege. That's a thousand to the bar ('bar fine' it's called), and the rest privately agreed with the lady in question. That's for a full night of fun. Of course, you've heard the rumours of guys getting drugged and robbed, girls who ain't really girls, and all the poor geeks who get taken for a ride.

But that won't happen to you, right? Never.

STREET EATS

Who doesn't love Thai food? It's spicy, it's healthy, and it goes down great with beer. For a first night in Bangkok, we're heading down to Chinatown (Yaowarat Road) for some outdoor eats. We follow our nostrils as we wind our way among the stalls, watching those fine old mammas sizzling up a storm in a million woks – chillis, pork, garlic, ginger, grasshoppers – you name it.

Moo ping is a barbequed skewer of pork which has been marinated in coriander, coconut, garlic and peppercorns. Delish!

Pad Thai is every backpacker's favourite – a dancing dish of fried noodles with egg, peanuts, tofu, dried shrimp and God knows what else.

Som Tam or Papaya Salad should be served cold as a side dish. If you spot a vendor bashing away with a mortar and pestle, they're probably concocting *Som Tam* from green papaya, peanuts, chillis, garlic, lime, fish sauce, palm sugar and tomatoes. It's best savoured with sticky rice and grilled chicken.

Oyster omelette, or *hoy tawd*, is exactly what it sounds like – a delicious omelette fried in a wok with oysters, onions and herbs.

Mango and sticky rice, enveloped in coconut milk and sugar, is perhaps Asia's most satisfying dessert. Don't miss it.

Bugs, beetles and scorpions are deep-fried, salted and skewered, but quite tasteless and very touristy. The exception is crispy fried bamboo worms, which are delicious with chilli sauce and a cold ale. Ask for *duang mai pai*.

OUT ON THE TOWN

When the sun goes down, Bangkok comes alive, and nowhere more so than around the Sukhumvit area. You can scoot over to Nana Plaza, where you'll immediately be greeted by a hundred bouncy bar girls: "Hello! Welcome! Handsome man!" Take your time selecting a venue; and take a peek behind the curtains first, just to make sure it's what you're looking for – whether it's a sex show (anyone for ping-pong?), ladyboys, go-go dancers or maybe just a few games of pool with a gorgeous girl (who'll likely hustle you for 200 baht a game). Choose wisely.

Right, so it's Jimmy's stag night, is it? Well, he will never forget the night you took off the blindfold and he found a lovely leggy ladyboy straddling him, will he? Have a gander at the stunning she-males in Obsession (ground floor, Nana Plaza) and you might start questioning your own moral compass.

Thailand produces its own beers – Singha, Leo and Chang are the main ones. But look out for hostelryes selling Beer Lao from neighbouring Laos. It's got a higher alcohol content, a hoppy taste and comes in both dark and blond. As for local whiskies, you and your posse can do no wrong in ordering up a bottle of Sangsom, a rice-n-molasses based dram. Hardcore brothers may go in search of *lao khao*, which is any moonshine rice whisky without a brand name. You can find this in backstreet bamboo-shack bars frequented by taxi drivers and local lads.

Time for another quick tuk-tuk ride and we're heading over to Soi Cowboy (no, not Patpong, that place is too touristy and tame). Pick of the bunch on Cowboy has gotta be Baccara Bar, a go-go bar on two levels where the dancers dress in school uniforms (and strip) on a glass ceiling, leaving nothing



GET OUTTA TOWN!

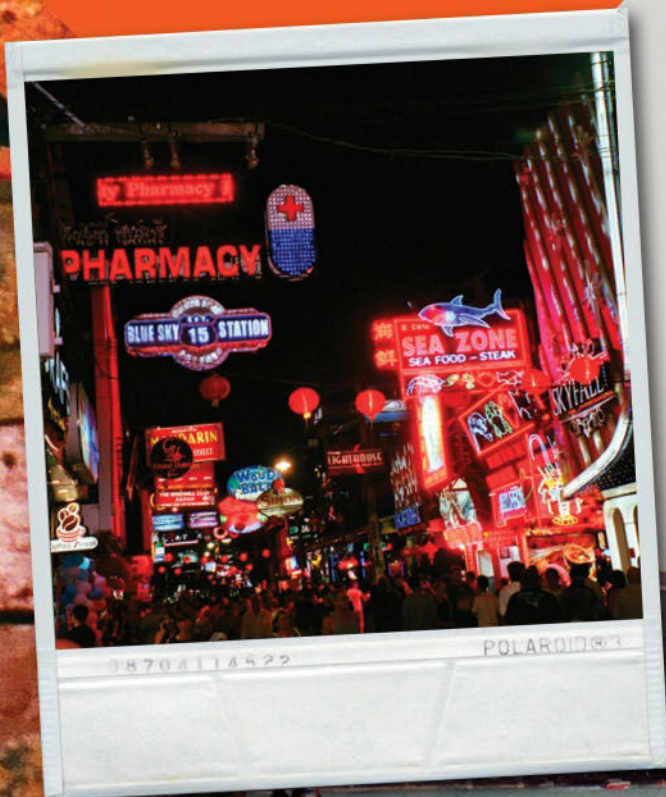
With 10 million people crammed inside a shoebox, Bangkok can sometimes feel a tad manic. But you're only two hours drive from lush tropical rainforest, rice paddies ploughed by oxen, and arcs of white-sand beaches fringed with palm trees. Hire a filthy big bike for a day (try bangkokbigbikes.com) and get yourself out of town. Highway 323 leads 100 miles to Kanchanaburi and the River Kwai, where you can pay respects at the WWII cemetery and museum dedicated to Australian and other allied soldiers who lost their lives working on the Death Railway. The road beyond that to the black market town of Sangklaburi at the Burmese border is a delicious 130-mile stretch of country road, with many a waterfall, Buddhist shrine and wooden bridge to brake for.





SINNERS IN THE SUN

Two hours' drive south-east of Bangkok lies the notorious playground of Pattaya. Spread yourself out on the beach for a few hours before taking on this town of delinquency and debauchery. Anything can and will happen in Sin City; it has sex shows, cabarets and bars to sate everyone's fetish. But keep your wits about you in this place; it has a mafia element. Kick off with a few sundowners at Billabong Bar on LK Metro, then go-go on down to Atlantic Bar on Pattaya Sai Song, both vibrant venues where you can feel raunchy but won't get fleeced.



to the imagination of those bewildered punters downstairs. By this time, at least two of your mates will have gone AWOL. They'll no doubt show up bleary-eyed in the morning with a tale to tell.

Last dance? Get a strut on at Levels nightclub on Soi 18. More of an international expat crowd here, but still floor to ceiling with gorgeous hotties. Drinks are a bit pricey, but this is a proper club, so fair 'nuff.

The following day you planned to visit the Grand Palace and some Buddhist temples, didn't you? But last night's festivities are quickly talking you out of it.

Time for some pub grub. If you are still loitering around the Sukhumvit Road area, stagger into the Royal Oak, where you can get stealthy portions of fish 'n' chips, burgers, tacos and maybe a Magner's cider as a hair-of-the-dog. If your timing's right, you'll catch some Aussie Rules and rugby on the big screen too.

Redeemed? OK, time for some sightseeing. You want to be a culture vulture, but can't be arsed trailing around Buddhist monuments all day. Still, you gotta take back some photos to the missus, or she'll think you spent the entire time in bars, won't she?

Solution: take a river and canal tour by long-tail boat. These babies skim across the waterways and take you down the backstreet canals of Old Bangkok. You'll see kids somersaulting into the river, grandmothers washing their clothes, husbands fishing, all the daily scenes to give you an earthy sense of Thai life. Not only that, the Chao Phaya River passes by all the major landmarks – the Grand Palace, Temple of Dawn (Wat Arun), the Royal Barges Museum, the Oriental Hotel – so you can get some well-framed pics along the way.

Either book a trip with a hotel pick-up and lunch included at bangkokboat.com, or get a BTS Skytrain to Taksin Bridge, below which you'll find the river pier. There you can practice your haggling skills and hire a boatman for about 1,000 baht to 1,500 baht an hour.

By now you're feeling pretty happy with yourself, so take it to another level with a Thai massage. There are massage parlours at every street corner, just walk in, lie down, and let some trained Thai hands rub away the knots in your head, neck, shoulders and back. Purrrrrrrrrrfect. (Note that it should be pretty obvious whether they are offering a real massage or the "happy ending" version.)

Thai Boxing, or Muay Thai, is the national sport here. You wouldn't think Buddhists would be so passionate and bloodthirsty about watching some wiry 50-kilogram kid beat the living shit out of another, but they are, believe me. An evening at a Muay Thai arena is just the thing to get your heart pumping as you shout and scream to your heart's content. Gambling is illegal in Thailand, but you wouldn't think so, seeing handfuls of baht changing hands at these sports events. The best venue is Rajadamnern Stadium (current fight nights: Mon, Weds, Thurs, Sun @7:45 pm), but check rajadamnern.com for updates. ①





NOT ALL BURGERS ARE CREATED EQUAL

We take whole chuck steak muscles, free of hormones, steroids and antibiotics, and cut them up ready for grinding.

Owning the grinding process means we can make the freshest beef patty going around.

The less time spent as mince, the more tender, juicy and flavourful the patty. Season to order and cook medium rare. Winner!



AVANI RIVERSIDE

EXPLORING THAILAND

WHERE TO STAY

BANGKOK is a heady, exotic mistress and she's waiting to be tamed. Scored with endless neighbourhoods, and winding streets filled with high-rise buildings, its vast, urban sprawl is something to behold. Bangkok is home to an estimated 11 million people, but it feels much bigger when you're on the street, among the sights, sounds and smells, and there are plenty of those. Finding a place to stay can be a challenge. You want to be located in the right area, at the right price.

Grab a room at *Avani Riverside Bangkok* on the West Bank of the Chao Phraya, it's perfectly situated in the old district, and just a stone's throw from downtown and every party district you'll ever need. The rooms go from \$150AUD a night and are worth it. Drop your bag off, raid the mini-bar and make your way up to the rooftop to take in the "City of Angels." Unwind and appreciate the panoramic view of the city's skyline. It's one of a kind.

This is the perfect spot to kick off a night out, or, to sit back with a few beers around

the infinity pool. The sunset from this spot is amazing, and perfect to get the pre-party buzz going.

Hungry? Grab yourself a steak. It's the best we've ever had (one colleague called it "life-changing"). The world class, melt-in-your-mouth Australian Wagyu should be accompanied by a cocktail. Try 'Al Capones Last Cocktail,' a perfect mix of Absolut pears, Aperol, tonic and orange bitter.

LOCAL KNOWLEDGE

Off the beaten path and down a winding, unsuspecting alley lies Common Ground Tattoo. Part tattoo shop, part art gallery, part local hang for expats, artists and locals, CGT has a host of incredible and talented artists on the roster, year round. It's a great place to be exposed to artists from all over the world. Artworks are on sale to take home as a unique Bangkok souvenir, but we suggest you get yourself a tattoo.

Common Ground quickly became our central hangout spot while in Bangkok. Even when we weren't getting inked

or buying threads, we spent time there chatting in a haze of smoke with the friendly locals, the crazy ex-pats and anyone else who has stumbled upon this magical place. Situated just around the corner from downtown Sathorn, Common Ground Tattoo is a must on your next trip to BKK. We spoke to the elusive owner.

Who are you and where are you from?
My name is Mr Wong, I'm not Mr right. I come from Cape Town, South Africa but now I live in Bangkok and I have no plans to leave.

What inspired you to become the owner of a tattoo store?

The first job I ever had after school was working in a tattoo shop – stripping needles, cleaning and running errands. My graffiti mentor, Wealz 130, gave me the job with the hope I'd pick up tattooing, but I just used it as a means to keep painting trains and to live that life.

What made you decide to open a tattoo store in Bangkok?

I came to Bangkok 10 years ago, and



ONE OF
MANY COCKTAILS

MR WONG

a 'friend' joined me three years later. We wanted to start a clothing/tattoo shop, and it seemed to be the right time because tattooing was gaining popularity not only among the local middle class, but also the wealthy. With this development alongside the formation of a younger, 'hipper' expat community in what is one of the most frequented cities in the world, it all came together.

We offered what other local Thai shops couldn't – custom work, world-renowned guest artists, clear communication, Western standards of hygiene and a unique Thai/Asian setting with hand-picked artefacts we had collected inside an old, preserved building.

Was it difficult being non-Thai, opening a business in Thailand? What are some hurdles you had to jump?

It was hard, yes. You need to have genuine relationships with locals and involve them in the process. We all move up together at this shop, and we all respect one another. It's not what you know, but who you know, in Thailand.

What skills do you look for in your artists?

Throughout my experience in the industry, my personal tastes have changed, and any seasoned collector will undoubtedly cover up things in the future. I think as a walk in shop, you need a few tattooists who do fine script work, realism and geometric tattoos, with the ability to carry out any general request you'd get on a daily basis. You need one or two artists who specialise in traditional American tattooing for collectors of that genre. You need someone who specialises in traditional Japanese tattoos. We have a good team who can fulfil those needs, but what is paramount is that we all gel and the vibe in the shop is good. We welcome famous guests and new artists with upcoming styles, but if you have a bad attitude or think you are above others, we'd rather not have you around. That's the concept behind Common Ground. Good tattooists and good people. No big heads, no fucking selfies every five seconds, and no passing of judgement. Straight edge vegans to party boys – we host all, but if you're a self-righteous, judgemental prick you're better off

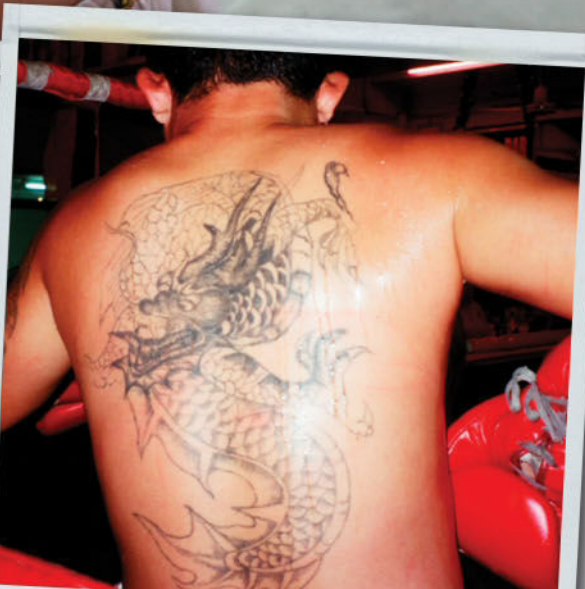
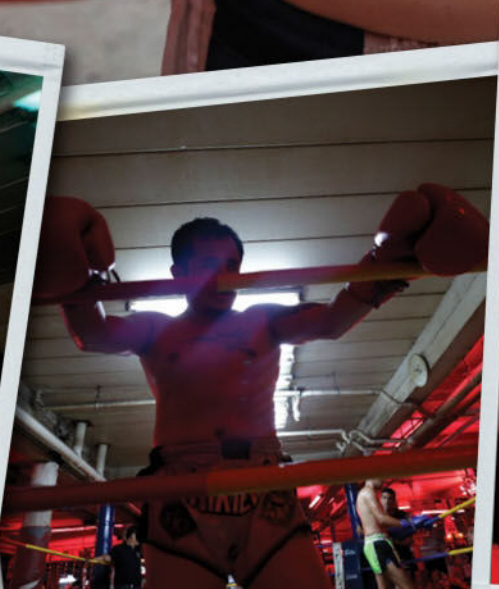
trying the shop down the road.

Who's currently on the roster?

As residents we have: Eak Fulltime (Thai godfather to tattooing), Valentin Jorquera (The American traditional killer with a Thai twist), Siam Mais (the all round good guy who does clean script, tidy mandalas and portrait work) Tentass (he works in black and grey and does some seriously neat etching tattoos and a multitude of other projects). Guest-wise: Guy le Tattoouer was just with us, Victor Kludge, Martial Wallas, Jaca Tattoo, Martin Martin, Johan Morel and so forth.

What's a typical day at Common Ground Tattoo look like?

That all depends on who is in town and what has transpired the night before. We meet up at the shop around 11:30 am for coffee, ciggies, burn the candles at the altar and light some incense. We review the messages and decide who wants to take what job, make sure all supplies are in stock and then get going. The evenings usually consist of sundowners, and then all bets are off. This is Bangkok after all. ①



TRAINING DAYS

IN THAILAND, MUAY THAI IS NOT A SPORT — IT IS A WAY OF LIFE
BY LINDSEY NEWHALL

THOUSANDS of foreigners stream into Thailand for one purpose: to immerse themselves in Muay Thai. They want to learn from the masters, the best in the world. They aim to train around six hours a day in the gym — that's two to three hours of learning technique and sweating it out on the mats in the morning; then at least three hours of skipping rope, bag work, pad work, and sparring and clinching in the afternoon. Training consumes the day and becomes their life.

It mirrors the experience of many Thais who have grown up with Muay Thai culture. Kids who have not yet celebrated their tenth birthday step into the ring, proud to earn the \$20 fight purse and be able to contribute to their family income. If they show promise, they're given more fights, and more strenuous training, in hopes of championships and bigger earnings. The children of Muay Thai learn the sport intimately from a young age — they wrap each other's hands before fights, corner for teammates, celebrate victories and console each other through losses.

Eventually, the young fighters may get a chance to train at a gym in Bangkok, the mecca of Muay Thai in Thailand. The very best (especially those with the best management) may become famous champions, secure in the knowledge that they will always find work as trainers when they retire.

The Muay Thai fighter is the archetypal champion fighter that many people think of when they think of combat sports. But perhaps more interesting in Muay Thai, are the individuals and the drama on the fringe — the ringside doctor stitching up fighters' brows without painkillers; the Thai journalist who has survived stadium bombings; the washed-up trainer who battles alcoholism; the professional gambler who knows he'll be kicked out of home if he loses too much; the child fighter who has left his rural hometown at age 13 to train in the big city; the novice Western fighter who ventures to Thailand to participate in a sport associated with the country's poorest classes.

Westerners who have heard of Muay Thai may know it from watching MMA, or from training at a gym in their home country. Many witness their first live fights while on vacation in Thailand and a few commit to the sport and come to Thailand to train and fight. But Muay Thai's popularity is increasing worldwide, and now both Thai and foreign fighters travel around the world to compete.

Careers don't always last long. Unlike other forms of kickboxing, knees and elbows are also used, and knockouts are somewhat common. There is also a financial consideration: the sport does not pay very well. Top professional Western boxers and UFC stars may

see purses in the millions, whereas most top Muay Thai fighters are doing well if they can pull \$15,000 a fight. And that's only if they're willing to fight abroad, say, in China or France.

The real driving force behind modern Muay Thai is not the fighters, trainers, or promoters, it's the gamblers. No matter the level of fighting, the gamblers gather en masse, night after night in venues large and small, their pockets full of Thai baht. They communicate across the arena with one another, throwing up hand signals, conveying odds and favourites. Odds change continuously during a fight, sometimes every round. It's a lot to keep track of, but some gamblers have a special gift of either mathematical genius or sharp intuition and claim they're able to make money no matter the result of the fight. There is bribery, corruption, and the swaying of judges by the gamblers. It is a catch-22 — the activity of gamblers potentially corrupts the sport, but it's the gamblers who pack out the venues and keep the sport lucrative.

Often, gym owners and trainers, and even fighters themselves are in on the gambling. In my years as a Muay Thai journalist, I met a number of fighters who privately admitted to being bribed or outright ordered by their bosses, to 'throw fights' — i.e. give up a few rounds in and take a loss. Even worse, some fighters told me horror stories of being poisoned before a fight. One fighter reported being poisoned by his gym's owner, who had bet against him; another was poisoned by his own brother.

Thankfully, reports of poisoning and fight-throwing are not the norm.

Muay Thai is actually a saving grace for many — it often provides young men from rural provinces employment, security, a career, and a second family. And former Thai fighters are now able to land well-paying jobs, both domestically and abroad. You'll find Thai trainers working in cities around the globe — from Sydney to Shanghai and San Francisco. Additionally, the steady stream of foreigners arriving in Thailand to study its native martial art guarantees at least some job security domestically.

Maybe you have gone to Thailand to train and fight, or maybe you are considering it. If you do go, be prepared for the hot sun and the humidity that wraps around you like a hug. Expect good food and even better prices. Embrace long hours sweating in the gym, sometimes with little guidance, or sometimes with a trainer laughing or shouting at you. After training, ask your Thai teammates and coaches about their lives. Most of them have been through a lot and can teach you a thing or two about resilience. **1**

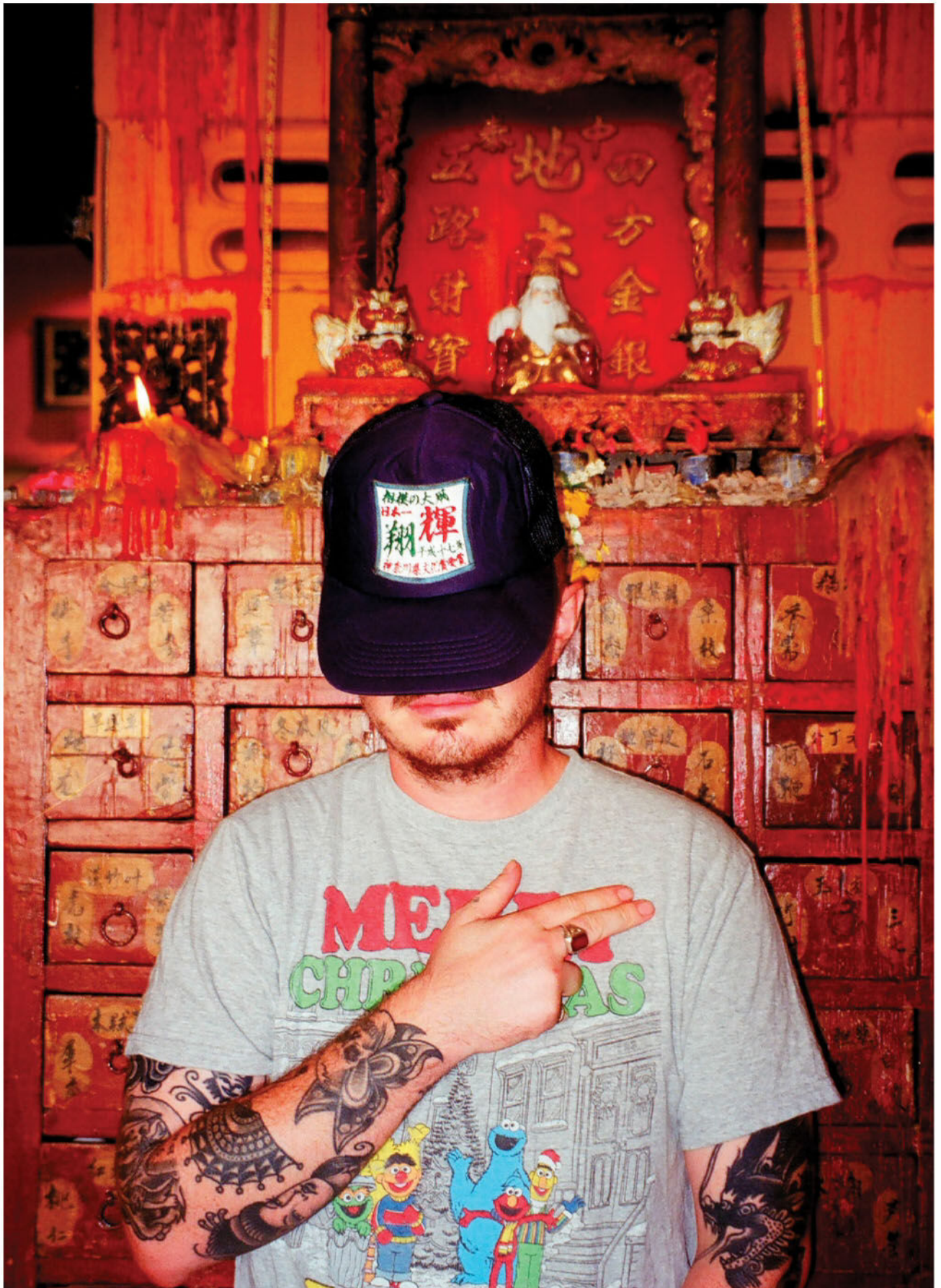
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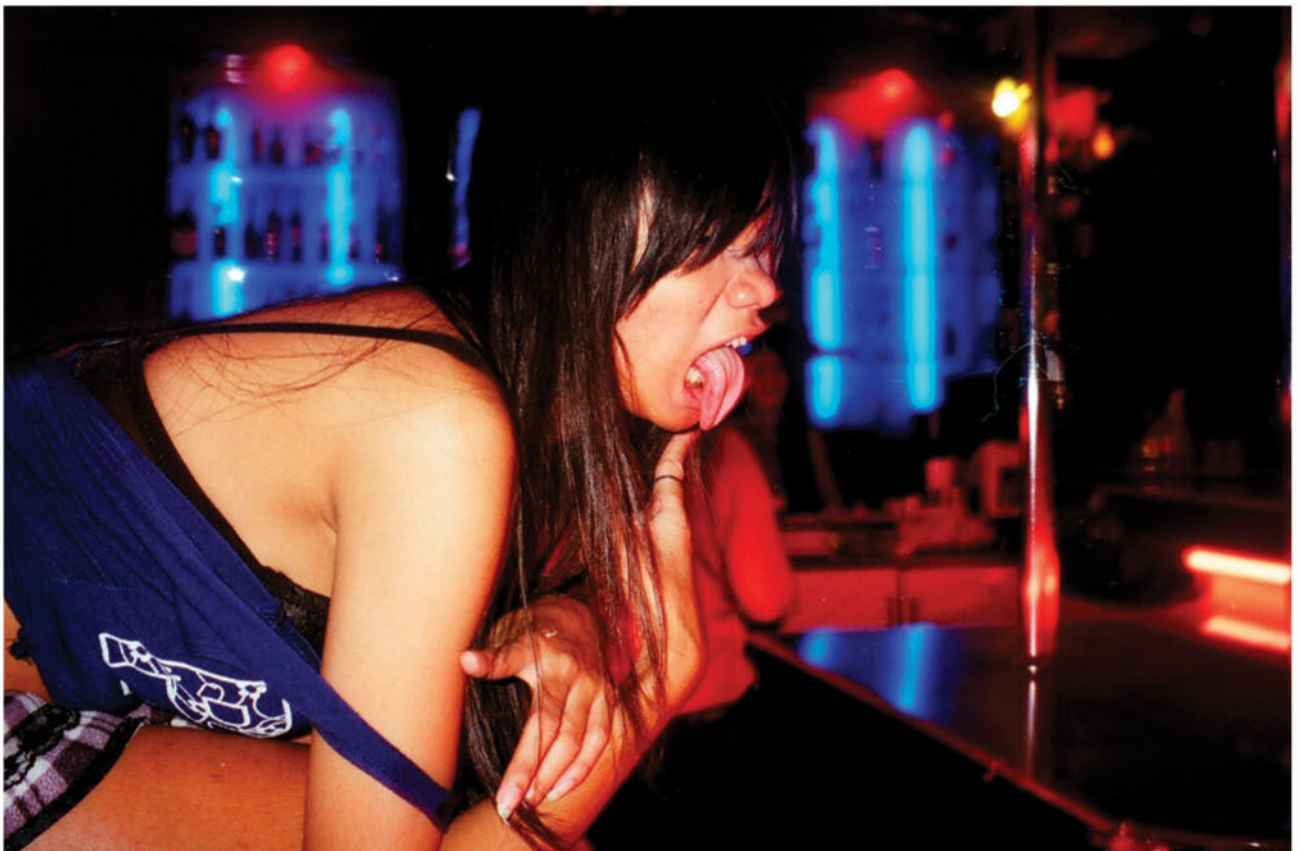
GETTING LOOSE IN BANG- KOK

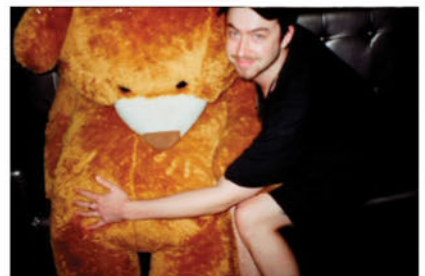
Recently, we were fortunate enough to be flown into Thailand on an all expenses paid trip. Having heard so much about this monster of the East, we had no idea what to expect. Mesmerized, we let her take us for a night.

PHOTOS: NATHAN HARMOND / JAMES MILLYN













PHOTOS: APOON THAEWCHATTURAT

SACRED SKIN

ANGELINA JOLIE, CARA DELEVINGNE, MICHELLE RODRIGUEZ AND STEVEN SEAGAL ARE AMONG THE HOLLYWOOD SUPERSTARS GETTING SAK YANT – A SACRED TATTOO, INKED ON BY TRAINED MASTERS. THEY ARE BELIEVED TO CONFER A MAGICAL FORM OF PROTECTION UPON THE WEARER
BY SEAN BRUCE

Nearly March, thousands of sacred tattoo devotees converged on Wat Bang Phra, a large Buddhist temple that sits on the outskirts of Bangkok. It's here that people who have received *Sak Yant*, sacred tattoos which are believed to confer upon the wearer a form of magical protection, go to have the power of their symbols restored and give thanks to the masters who provide them.

The tradition is steeped in religion, mysticism and superstition, and while *Sak Yant* is taken very seriously by those who follow the practice, the Thanksgiving or *Wai Kru* at Wat Bang Phra is hardly a solemn affair.

Under the sweltering heat of the tropical sun, tens of thousands of tattoo aficionados, both Thai and foreign, gather in the dusty courtyard outside the temple. Monks recite incantations which they believe recharge the magic contained in the ancient scripts and geometrical patterns inked on to their followers' skin. Then they blast the festival-goers with holy water, straight from a high-pressure hose. At this point, something strange happens. Worshippers and devotees go into *Khong Khuen*, a powerful trance-like state that causes them to lose control of their body and run in a mad dash towards the giant bronze statue of Luang Pho Poean, the late master and former head monk of Wat Bang Phra. They are possessed by the spirit of their tattoo.

"It's hot as hell, everybody's sitting down and whoever becomes possessed will rise as the presence of his tattoo fills him and will then act out the characteristics of the tattoo. The monkeys will run, the snakes will slither, the hermit will limp along," says Tom Vater, author of *Sacred Skin: Thailand's Spirit Tattoos*.

For onlookers, this frenzied expression of *Sak Yant*'s power can be intimidating. "When so many people are in a trance, and they can't control themselves, and they run towards the statue of the late monk, Luang Pho Poean – it can be scary." Says *Sacred Skin* photographer, Aroon Thaewchatturat. She attended the recent *Wai Kru* and assured me that even if it gets overwhelming at times, the overall atmosphere is very peaceful. Attendees have a singular focus: To pay their respects to the masters of *Sak Yant*.

Angelina Jolie is a notable fan of the ancient art, having been inked by *Ajarn Noo* (*Ajarn* is a Thai term for master) early last

year for the second time. The practice became further publicised after a spate of stars got their own ink. Michelle Rodriguez and girlfriend Cara Delevingne got matching *Sak Yant* tattoos, albeit sewn with invisible ink. Steven Seagal has one, too. And many more celebrities from Thailand and the West have followed suit.

But don't be fooled by the streams of celebrity endorsement – these tattoos have significance beyond the aesthetic. *Sak Yant* has its origins in India, where ancient Hindus drew yantras – a magical diagram used as a focal point during meditation – onto wood, metal, stone, cloth or whatever was available. These designs were imported into South East Asia in the 6th or 7th century where the predominately Buddhist civilisations in the area adopted them. It's not entirely clear how they made the jump from objects to skin, but one theory is that warriors would wear jackets adorned with magic symbols of protection

when going into battle, but it became easier to print them straight onto the skin where the wearer could never lose them.

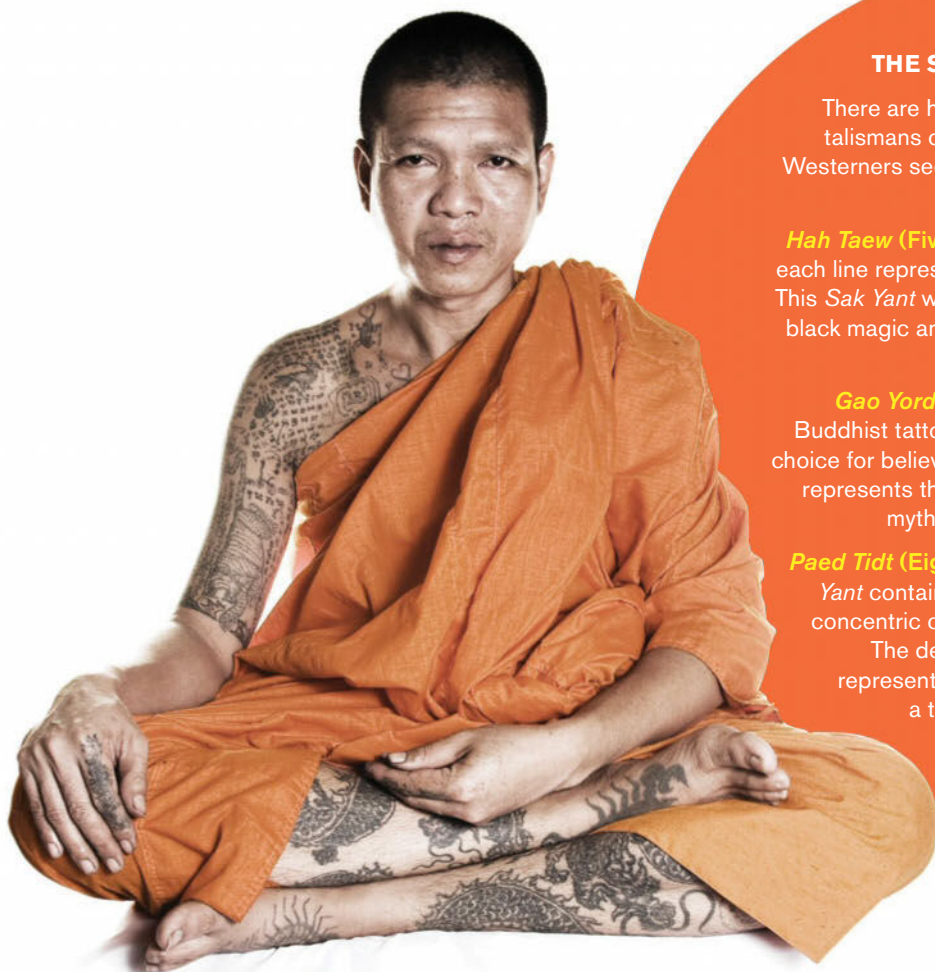
The process for getting a *Sak Yant* starts with finding a legitimate *Ajarn*. I was warned by Thaewchatturat that there are some less authentic practitioners than others: The guys in tattoo parlours cluttered along Khao San Road will do sacred looking tattoos, but they won't have any of the mystical properties of a *Sak Yant* inked on by a real *Ajarn*. The secret of the tattoo lies in the mantras or *Katas* applied by a master, not so much the ink itself. "It's easy to learn how to make those tattoos, purely as

a craft," says Vater. "But to learn the *Katas* and all the esoteric stuff around it takes a long time. If you want to learn, you need a guru who takes you through that, who will bring you on as an apprentice and build you into an *Ajarn*."

What's more, the *Katas* are spoken in *Pali* – a liturgical language for Buddhists and the script is written in *Khom*, which is an ancient Cambodian alphabet. A proper *Ajarn* will understand both of these languages as well as Thai, and be able to translate effortlessly between all three.

As part of the process, an offering is made to the old masters. A flower, a candle, incense and a pack of cigarettes is considered standard practice – along with a small donation. Getting inked by *Ajarn Noo* – the master who gave Jolie her *Sak Yant* – requires

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**SAK YANT HAS ITS
ORIGINS IN INDIA,
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THE SYMBOLS OF SAK YANT

There are hundreds of potential symbols and talismans on offer from *Ajarns*. But 95% of Westerners seeking their first tattoo will most likely receive one of these.

Hah Taew (Five Lines): A 700-year-old design with each line representing a different form of protection. This *Sak Yant* will protect against bad luck, injustice, black magic and will also make you better with the ladies. Not bad.

Gao Yord (Nine Peaks): The most sacred Buddhist tattoo and considered a very good first choice for believers of the tradition. The basic design represents the nine peaks of Mount Meru – the mythical mountain of the gods.

Paed Tidt (Eight Directions): A sacred Geometric *Yant* containing eight Mantras written in two concentric circles in the centre of the design. The design incorporates the eight representations of Buddha and protects a traveller no matter which direction they go.

more than pocket change; he reportedly charges in the thousands for his sacred designs. Otherwise, a spot with a non-celebrity *Ajarn* can be secured for as little as \$30 AUD.

While *Sak Yant* are becoming increasingly popular with celebrities and socialites, the practice is not exclusive to those in high society. On the contrary. "I would say it's mostly working class people and a few very, very high upper-class people who have those tattoos," says Vater. "And it's very important in that sense because in Thailand the working class has no voice in mainstream media or mainstream culture. So there's this idealisation thing going on and the farmers, factory workers and poor people have absolutely no platform in this country. The *Sak Yant* is one way in which they can express themselves."

During Vater's investigation into the world of sacred tattoos, he spoke to a number of small time gangsters, who were convinced their tattoos had bestowed upon them protection against their enemies. There is a contingent of underworld figures drawn to the supposed power of sacred tattoos. "One guy was telling me that he had just been in a gunfight the day before and that his adversaries had been shooting at him and he said 'the bullets were just zipping around me'. He was wearing a pair of jeans, and he said, 'Yesterday I was also wearing a pair of jeans and a couple of the bullets went right through the jeans, but they didn't touch me. And that's because of the *Sak Yant*.'"

The conservative Thai government has railed against the use of Buddhist iconography by Westerners who may not fully

appreciate their significance. As a foreigner getting tattooed, it would be wise to get advice before jumping in the deep end of *Sak Yant*. In the Buddhist faith, the head is viewed as the most sacred part of the body, with lower body parts such as the feet and legs considered more base. That means no tattoos of Buddha on a skateboard, and definitely no *Sak Yant* below the waist. Vater tells me that the Thai government have been very clear on the issue of Westerners receiving sacred tattoos. "Several years ago the Ministry of Culture published a leaflet which went to all the tattoo shops in Thailand, thousands of them, advising the tattooists not to put sacred tattoos on sensitive body parts, where it would indicate a lack of respect."

This request, it seems, has been unanimously ignored. Foreigners looking for *Sak Yant*, or any kind of tattoo, will not find it difficult to get inked in Thailand.

As *Sak Yant* explodes into the mainstream with more celebrities and high-flyers getting inked, I question whether the tradition can hold up against the forces of globalisation. According to Vater, the *ajarns* aren't worried. "I don't know if the old school guys are particularly taken aback by the impact of Western celebrities on the *Sak Yant* traditions. *Ajarn Noo* did very well out of that and all the other *Ajarns* I know, they're all happy to tattoo foreigners. There's not one that – at least the ones that have a public profile – doesn't welcome foreigners. So I think they quite easily adapted to new circumstances and it means a better income for them, even if some of the traditional aspects of the art are lost." ❶



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LET'S TALK SEX

PRODUCTS FOR THE BEDROOM

1. Sheridan Bedsheets **From \$169.95**

You're planning on getting her into bed, so make it a welcoming place. Anything over 500 thread count is where you want to aim, and make sure you choose either dark, masculine colours or plain white – no baby blue or salmon. Buy Egyptian cotton if you want to go the extra mile.

2. The Times Atlas of the World **\$312**

Want to appear worldly? Here's your chance, big shot. While getting rid of the *Kama Sutra* is key, coming home to a guy who doesn't own any books at all is anathema for many women, so make sure you've got one of the best on display at all times.

3. Pigeon & Weasel Stubbie Candle **\$19.95**

While it may be no secret that chicks dig candles, one thing you mightn't have realized is how much they hate the smell of a bloke's bedroom. These stubbie candles from Pigeon & Weasel come in a variety of masculine scents including vanilla, Nordic pine and even red frogs (yes, the lolly) and will add a touch of class without de-manifying your cave.

4. SKYN Condoms **\$9.99**

We probably shouldn't have to spell this out for you, but there's nothing worse than having to make a midnight run to the 7/11 at half-mast – that's assuming she's keen to wait for your return. Don't get caught out, keep a supply. SKYN condoms from Ansell are the thinnest on the market and will ensure you both have a good time the safe way.

5. Marks & Spencer Bathrobe **\$82**

Want to go one better than keeping a spare clean towel? Get a couple of terry towelling bathrobes. They'll shield your privates on the midnight dash to the bathroom, dry you off straight out of the shower, or cover you both up for the morning after – these make coffee in the kitchen the next day much less awkward. ①



LET'S TALK SEX

SEALING THE DEAL

FOR WHEN YOU GET HER HOME

LET'S set the scene. You've been chasing her for weeks, donned your freshest threads, trimmed the stubble and splashed on the expensive aftershave. It's date night, and you're pretty sure that tonight, she's going to give you the keys to the proverbial city. You pay the bill, order the Uber and get to your front door, only to have her turn back around the moment she walks through it.

While girls are savvy to the fact that us guys often aren't lords of interior design, a little respect for your surroundings goes a long way in the pick-up department. While we won't be so bold as to tell you to keep your rooms clean (if you're buying *PENTHOUSE*, you're already old enough to know that), we will give you a few handy hints that'll keep you ahead of the pack.

- That crossbow you take piggin' once a year, and the photo of you passed out at Baz and Sharon's wedding, and the engraved yard glass Jared got you for your 21st? She hates them all. Trust

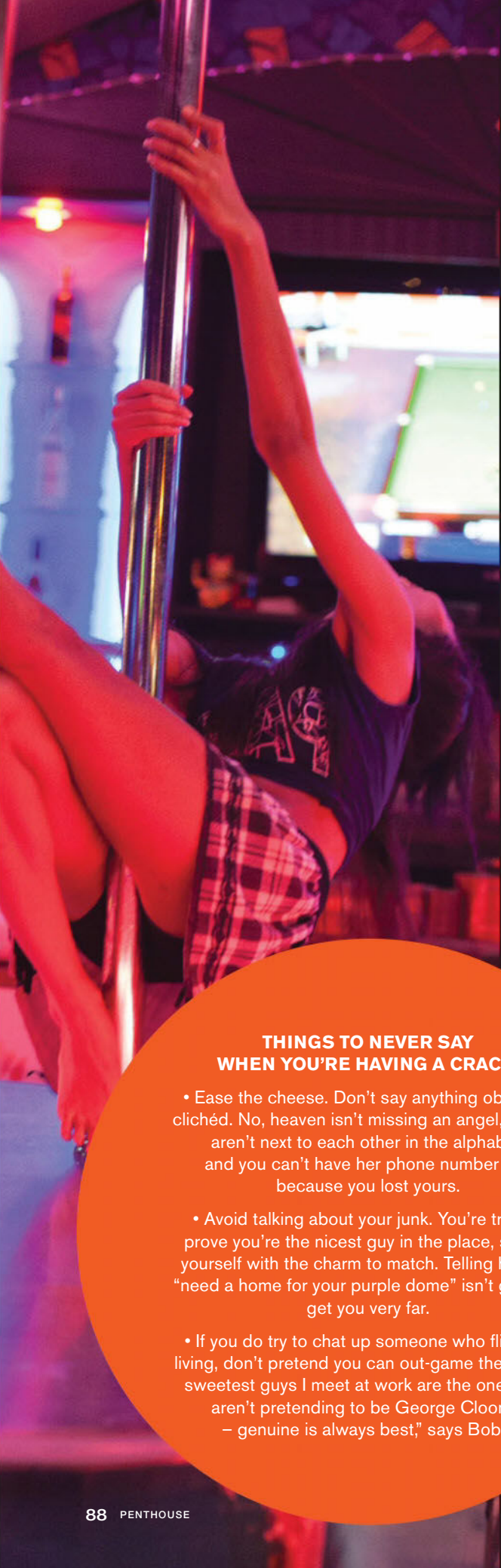
us. Pop them in your glory box and stick them in the attic, at least until she's left the house.

- Statistically, single males change their sheets four times a year. If you want to make the fairer sex stick around for longer than the time it takes to peel back the doona, make this a weekly habit (and take two extra minutes each morning to make the damn thing).

- Keep clean spare towels. Nice ones that match for extra points. Women are clean beings and generally like to shower first thing in the morning. Five star service like this will give her even more reason to return to The Hotel Manpad at a later date.

- Don't just focus on a perfect love-nest. A pristine bedroom is nothing without a clean bathroom to match. The way to a man's heart may well be through his stomach, but the way to a woman's involves Harpic Flushmatic.

- Hide your copies of *PENTHOUSE*. Especially this one. Let her think your supremely well-kept lair is your own creation. **1**



LET'S TALK SEX

POLE POSITION

PICKING UP IN A STRIP CLUB WITH JOE CUTCLIFFE

IT'S their job to butter you up and strip your wallet of its hard-earned contents, so you can be forgiven for an automatic inclination to assume that when a stripper calls you 'handsome' she's just hustling her crowd. But is there another side to the job? Can you find your audience attractive when you're getting paid to remove your clothes for them? We hit the town and spoke to some strippers to find out if guys really try to pick them up at work, and if they ever play along.

"Almost every night," we're told.

"Guys try it on almost every night. You'd think they'd probably realise we're not there to fuck them, but it doesn't stop them."

So, drunk blokes on a boy's night out behaving badly in front of nude women. No surprises there. But when we asked a few girls if they ever go home with a customer after they get off the pole, we did get some surprising, even encouraging responses.

"I haven't, but a lot of my other stripper friends have" says Gina, who's in between sets at one of Sydney's classier venues. "Some more than others. One girl I used to dance with used to screw, like, maybe one – two guys from the club a week. Another friend met her fiancé in a private show."

Who are these lucky blokes, you ask, and what do you have to say to get across the line in a strip club? "I've only ever gone home with the sober ones," we're told by Xenia. "You kind of forget where you are and what you're doing if you're having fun with a guest, but if he's sober and cute it's easy to just say 'fuck it' and let him buy you a drink and take it from there. It feels safer as well I guess."

So, don't go too heavy on the naughty water – seems like legit advice. But what about what to say?

"The best line I've ever heard was from this one guy – he looked like Robin Thicke and was wearing this shiny suit and cowboy boots – I went up and asked if he'd like a private show and he just said 'wouldn't that make it awkward if our grandkids ever found out that I paid money to see you naked though?' – he was in like Flynn – haha," we're told by Bobbi.

"And then there's what never to say," she continued. "That's one example of a cheesy line being great, but pickup lines generally aren't going to work on girls who are already naked, especially when they hear them all every day. Or involve direct reference to their dicks."

The worst I've probably heard is 'There are 206 bones in the human body – want another?' And sometimes I swear if I have one more guy ask me if it hurt when I fell from heaven I'm going to put my clothes back on and walk out." **1**

THINGS TO NEVER SAY WHEN YOU'RE HAVING A CRACK:

- Ease the cheese. Don't say anything obvious or clichéd. No, heaven isn't missing an angel, U and I aren't next to each other in the alphabet, and you can't have her phone number just because you lost yours.
- Avoid talking about your junk. You're trying to prove you're the nicest guy in the place, so arm yourself with the charm to match. Telling her you "need a home for your purple dome" isn't going to get you very far.
- If you do try to chat up someone who flirts for a living, don't pretend you can out-game them. "The sweetest guys I meet at work are the ones who aren't pretending to be George Clooney – genuine is always best," says Bobbi.



LET'S TALK SEX

LOOKS TO GET LAID IN

1. Classic Black Suit

If you want to step out looking like James Bond then you should probably own the same suit as him. Tom Ford has dressed Daniel Craig for the last three Bond films, and his threads are also the favourite of Harvey Specter from *Suits*. If that's not a pedigree for making panties drop, then we don't know what is. Pair it with a simple white shirt and neutral tie for a suave combo that'll be ripped off in no time.

A: Suit: Approx: \$5670
tomford.com

B: Shirt: Hawes & Curtis: \$99
hawesandcurtis.com.au

C: Tie: Turnbull & Asser: \$99
turnbullandasser.co.uk

2. Denim & Leather

Made famous by James Dean and since copied by greasers worldwide, the bad-boy image of faded denim jeans and a leather jacket cultivated from 1950s era Hollywood has long been a staple in the wardrobes of the regularly-laid. Keep the look classic with era-appropriate boots or Converse and some pomade in your locks.

D: G-Star Elwood Skinny Zip Knee Jeans: \$230

g-star.com

E: Ray Ban Signet Sunglasses: \$220

ray-ban.com.au

F: Vintage White Crew-neck Tee: \$69.95

scotch-soda.com.au

G: Superdry Endurance Indy Leather Jacket: \$699.95

superdry.com.au





LET'S TALK SEX

3. Sunday Best

Whether it's a day at the races or an afternoon of lawn bowls, you never know where you might meet your Cinderella, so don't sell yourself short by wearing daggy clobber just because it's the weekend. Pair some smart shorts with a blazer and some comfy loafers for a casual look that still says you respect yourself.

H: Light Blue Casual Blazer: \$449

countryroad.com.au

I: Topman Shorts: Approx. \$33

topman.com

J: Zara Blue Loafers with Tassel: \$99

zara.com

K: Persol 649 Sunglasses: \$330

sunglasshut.com.au

4. Day at The Beach

Considering less is more when you're by the seaside, it can be hard to pull off a perfect outfit when the options are limited. Wear swim shorts underneath loose fitting chinos and a casual button down shirt for ultimate pulling potential when you're practicing poolside.

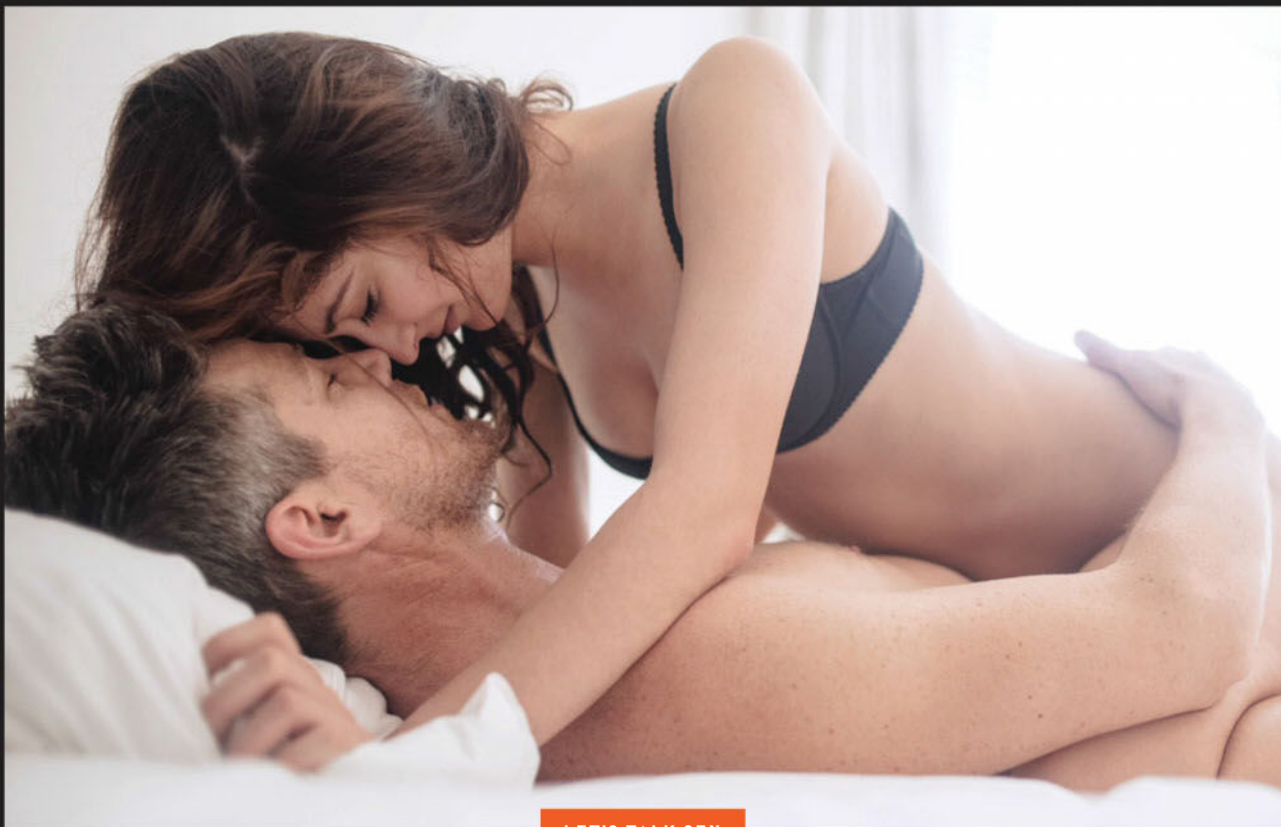
L: Orlebar Brown Blue Setter Swim Shorts:

Approx. \$221

mrporter.com

M: Barney Cools Girls, Girls, Girls Shirt: \$89.95

barneycools.com



LET'S TALK SEX

COUPLES' THERAPY

KEEPING IT INTERESTING

NO matter how much of a sex god you might have been when you first met your special lady, it's easy to let things fall by the wayside and get a little lazy as time goes by. We've all fallen victim to the end of the 'honeymoon period' at some point in our relationships and it's nothing to feel guilty about. It's easily remedied with a little advice from the pros and a tiny bit of effort.

"Unfortunately, the belief that sex should always be spontaneous is a myth, it just isn't. Sex doesn't just mysteriously happen; if you want to have good sex you have to create the time and space to get in the mood and look forward to it. The best way to do that is planning or scheduling sex, which can be as romantic and enjoyable as other pleasurable planned activities," says Matty Silver, one of Australia's leading sex therapists.

"We don't just plan everyday household needs and tasks, we also plan other activities just for enjoyment. When you plan a beautiful dinner, you have to work out what to buy and cook. When you go on a holiday, you have to decide when, what destination and what hotels to book. These activities involve anticipation, which is part of the fun. So why should planning to have sex be different?"

Often, the reason great sex falls by the wayside in a long-term relationship is because both parties are busy with everything else in their daily schedules, so it only makes sense to include a little time for some bow-chicka-wow-wow in the diary. Either get out a sharpie and roster yourself on or put it in your phone's calendar, but making sure you've got time for the important things in life

shouldn't come second to not coming at all.

Another classic tip advised by sex therapists is to spice things up, a phrase as done-to-death as the concept but one which still bears merit.

"One of the suggestions I have for my clients is to discuss and explore sexual fantasies and role play. Sexual fantasies and role play can help add playfulness and more fun in the bedroom; they can enhance sexual pleasure and express hidden desires. Sometimes they can be helpful in overcoming sexual inhibitions. Having fantasies is considered to be a normal part of human sexuality and research has found that frequent sexual fantasising is linked to having a better more satisfying sex life."

Reading between the lines? Not only can you get more sex into your routine, but you can make your fantasies a reality with an approachable conversation and the fact that 'hey – you're only listening to a professional afterall'. French maid outfit here you come? Whatever floats your boat.

Getting comfortable doesn't mean compromising your ability to share a healthy life between the sheets with your partner.

"A couple that has a pleasant sex life don't argue that much, don't pick fights and are overall happier."

Matty Silver is a Sydney-based Relationship Counsellor and Sex Therapist. You can find her at www.mattysilver.com.au. **1**

07/17

**WATER
SIRENS
HAMISH
CROKER**









A person is swimming in a dark pool at night. The water is dark and rippled. In the background, there is a waterfall with white foam. The scene is dimly lit, with some light reflecting off the water and the waterfall. The overall mood is mysterious and serene.

GOUBTNEY



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Hello!

You fool. I love you. Come on join the joyride...

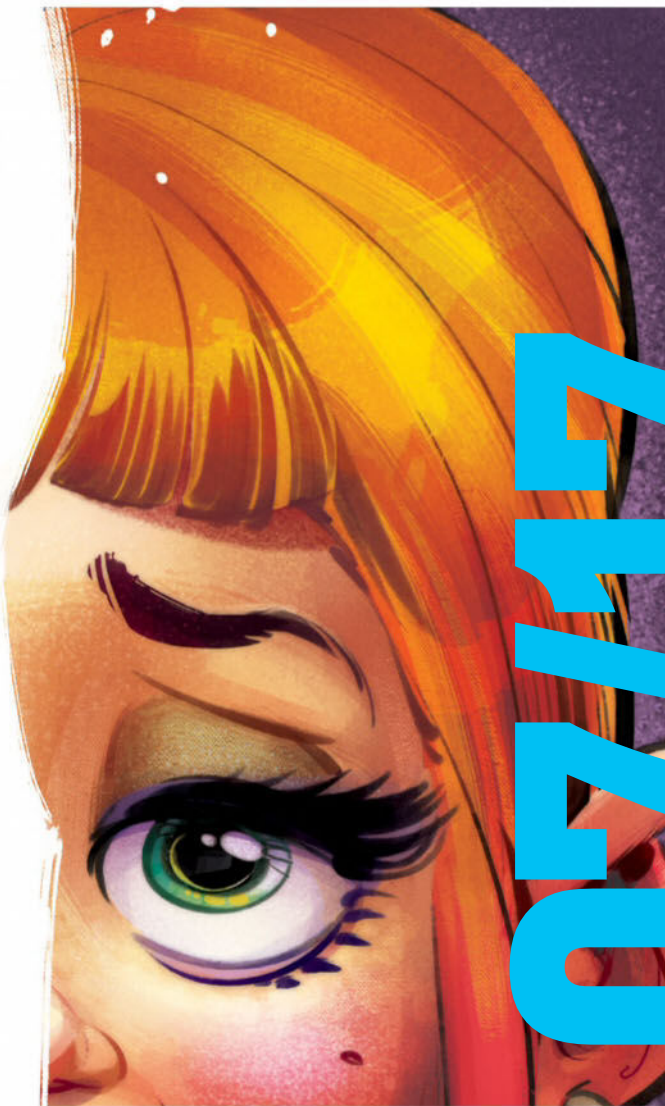
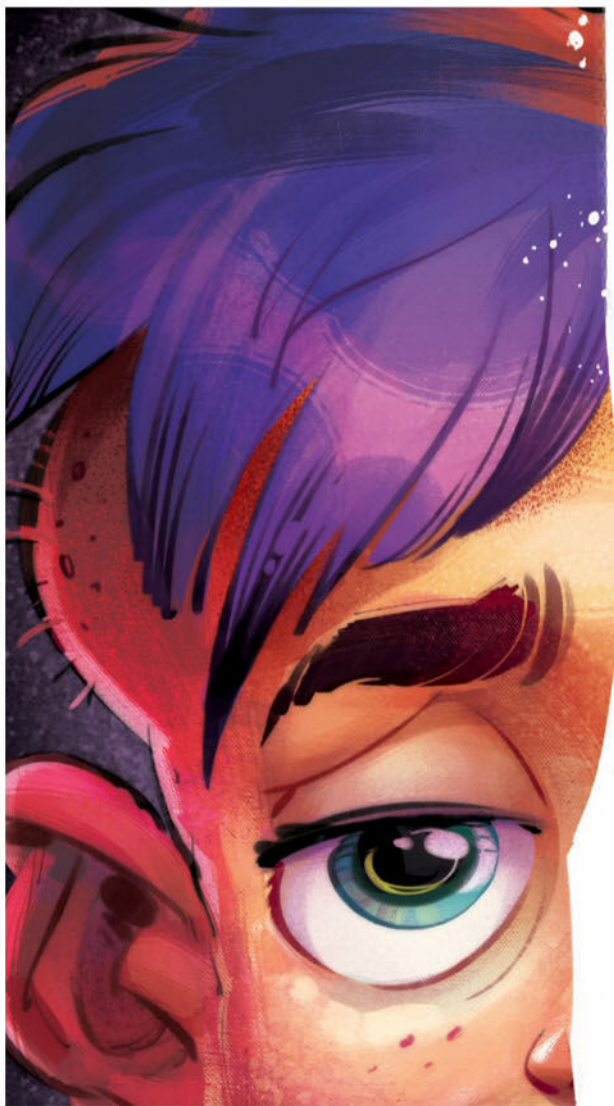


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estowines.com.au



105

INFORMER

106: MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Take a step into the global transgender debate



114: MISTRESS TOKYO

We learn the ropes with the undisputed queen of kink

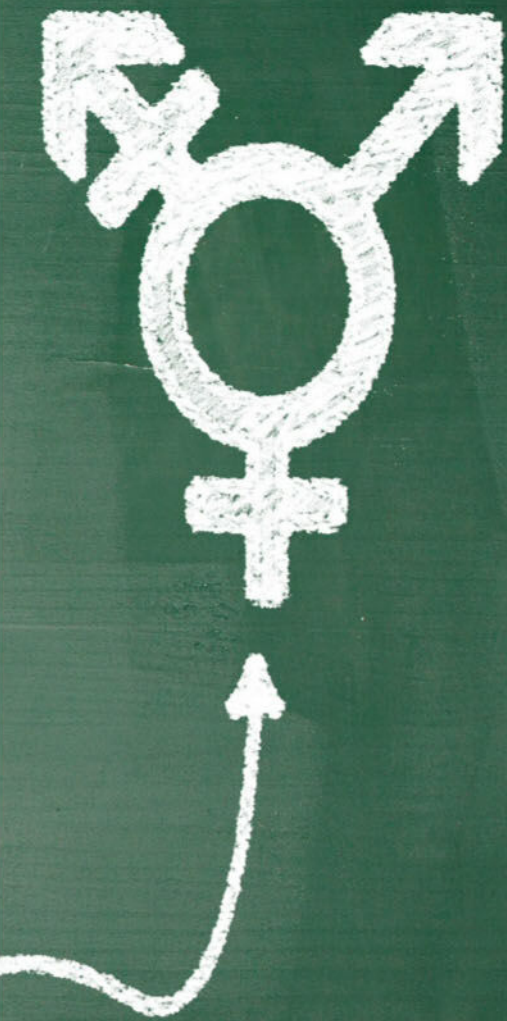


120: PLASTIC FANTASTIC

Sex dolls are here to stay. Wanna play?







THE REPORT

MALE, FEMALE AND OTHER

– PLEASE SPECIFY
BY HELEN CROMPTON

THERE were early and obvious signs. Kate, a primary school teacher in her mid-thirties, gave birth to her first child, a boy named Michael, ten years ago in WA's King Edward Memorial Hospital. At the age of three, he announced to his mother: "God made a really bad mistake when he was making me. He was thinking girl and made a boy at the last minute." Kate quickly responded that it was OK because God didn't make mistakes. Ever since Michael first displayed gender dysphoria – when a person sees themselves other than the sex suggested by their physicality – Kate and her husband David have been on the transgender journey, quick to protect Michael's sense of self. They're also determined to ensure his childhood isn't overshadowed by the inevitable challenges to come. Over 44,000 Australian children share Michael's journey.

It is an understatement to say transgender is complex. Firstly, it crosses into ethical, medical, legal, psychological, political, religious, educational and human rights territory. Secondly, the very terminology of sexual identity is complicated – even categories tax mainstream understanding: non-binary, non-

heteronormative, pangender, intersex, cisgender, gender fluid, polygender, trigender, genderqueer and, that long-standing catch-all, queer.

Transgender, a minority within a minority, is the new frontier of sexual contention – noting sex and gender are not interchangeable. In the recent and controversial *BBC documentary, Transgender: Do Kids Know Best?* psychotherapist and activist Hershel Russell, clarifies: “I like to put it like this: your gender is between your ears, your sex is between your legs.”

There's a third reason why Australia struggles with transgender: it's a political powder keg. The debate is volatile and liable to power politicking. Religious and secular conservatism fuels the voice on the right which jockeys for position with progressive thinkers, law reformists and human rights advocates on the left – the case here and across the globe.

The biggest bone of current contention in Australia began innocently enough with the \$8 million federally funded Safe Schools program, initially getting bi-partisan support. Launched in 2014 by Liberal Scott Ryan who said: “It is simply the right thing to do,” it was set to “promote a climate of tolerance for sexual and gender diversity”, but quickly tested conservative tolerance. The fuse in the powder keg was lit.

The fact Bill Shorten and Penny Wong committed funding for Safe Schools just before Kevin Rudd's exit, never encouraged Liberal ease with the program from the start. When Tony Abbott took office, he first supported the idea, but after falling from power, he fell in step with the far right calling the initiative “a social engineering program.” Abbott was taking predictable pot shots at Turnbull, but his voice was not a lone one.

Australia's most prominent transgender woman and advocate, Catherine McGregor, waded into the debate late last year, criticising Safe Schools for “leading trans people into a blind alley.” A highly vocal Australian Christian Lobby said worse. Their top man, Lyle Shelton, at one point wildly announced: “This is uncharted territory for the human race.” He was in concert with Liberal conservatives. George Christensen, Barry O'Sullivan, Damien Tudehope, Cory Bernardi and others finally forced Education Minister Simon Birmingham to review Safe Schools, which he did, enrolling Professor Bill Loudon for the job. Changes were made, conservative qualms quelled and the furore has subsided – with the original four-year federal funding ending this year. Right wing Liberals are claiming victory. Commentators say their influence on Turnbull once again played out over suggested changes to the 18c clause of the Racial Discrimination Act (the changes were narrowly defeated in the Senate at the end of March).

Back to school: human rights activist Dr Suzanne Covich, the first Australian teacher to win two National Excellence in Teaching Awards, says educating staff in transgender issues takes time and money.

Reflecting on her experience in WA high schools she says: “There have always been teachers and others who've supported GLBTI students, but fear of dismissal kept them out of the

limelight. This changed here in 2002 with the WA Lesbian and Gay Law Reforms and with the law on side plus Safe School initiatives, making things safer for staff and students.

“There are schools which include GLBTI issues in the curriculum, and where students openly show their sexuality. However, such schools are rare. Heterosexist hegemony fuelled by religious dogma continues to generate an unsafe world for anyone who does not conform to rigid gender stereotypes.”

Back further to primary schools: Michael now likes to be called Milly. Her parents have seen no evidence of the Safe Schools program at her primary school. Mostly, they say, they have tried to educate the school about transgender and have met disinterest. Because puberty happens in high school, many don't deem such education necessary, explains Kate. No thought has been given to gender-conforming references in class. The best Milly's school has managed is to slap a family sticker on the handicapped toilet that is also the staff toilet. Sometimes Milly will not use this toilet because her peers ask why she uses the teacher's loo, so she holds on until she gets home.

Watchers of TED talks should be aware of the loo debacle for transgender people in the US. The rising homophobic temperature, aided by Donald Trump's election, can be measured in the increased submissions across the US of so-called Bathroom Bills demanding citizens use the public toilets according to their birth sex, not their gender identity. It's a trend that will continue, predicts Sarah Warbelow, a US legal human rights campaigner. It appears the more visible transgender people become, the more audible the voice of those who are disturbed by their presence – and what happens over there, impacts over here.

Nikki says the Australian transgender community is deeply concerned with the political climate created by Trump. But the whole

bathroom debate, she says, is a political distraction. (“Do people honestly think transgender women are paedophiles? That they will dress up to go to a public toilet to assault children? There's no evidence!”) What matters, she says, is the level of public ignorance, and education begins at school. “Safe Schools was never mandatory, and today it's all about dollars and cents. Schools are cutting programs, not taking new ones on.”

Nikki is an elegant 61-year-old transgender woman who left her employment as a high school art teacher to fully transition. “It wasn't the right demographic in our school to come out,” she says. Nikki believes acceptance of gay students has happened: “It's OK to be gay – I see the girls hook up with the gay boys and take them under their wing.” But, she adds, bullying is insidious. “As far as the status of transgender kids in high school goes, the jury is still out.”

Sitting sipping coffee with her partner Anthea, also a transitioning transgender woman, they relate their experience of public misconception. “The word transgender gets mixed up with transvestite, transsexual, cross-dresser and drag queen – and I have found people hold quite bizarre ideas about what it actually is,” says Anthea. “I think they mix it up with movies they've seen, for instance *Priscilla Queen of the Desert* gets

‘ **THERE'S A THIRD REASON WHY AUSTRALIA STRUGGLES WITH TRANSGENDER: IT'S A POLITICAL POWDER KEG** ,





mentioned a lot.”

Anthea has “come out at work,” and it was a positive experience, despite the odd invasive, “So, have you had the chop?”

“I have to continuously tell people like this, you have no right to ask that question. And yet they really think they do.”

She’s laughing at this point, but the women are not amused when it comes to bureaucracy. Personal identification makes the wheels of daily life turn – for school enrollment, finding a job, travelling, opening a bank account or renting a property. Getting corrected documents including passports, which rely on a birth certificate that reveals your sex at birth, has been arduous and expensive. But they have to align with the law.

Small as numbers are (11 in 100 Australians are said to be gender diverse) transgender can be visible – especially if people transition later in life like Nikki and Anthea. It means they are more likely run the risk of verbal and physical abuse. Statistics show that worldwide, between 2008 and 2014, more than 1,700 transgender people were murdered – and this accounts only for reported incidents. For both sides of the debate, this makes grim reading.

“The hostility reserved for transgender people has often been more violent and aggressive because that category is viewed as especially challenging,” says Australia’s most eloquent activist and law reform advocate, former High Court Justice Michael Kirby.

In a paper titled *Transgender Persons, Legal Disharmony and Attitudinal Change*, Kirby notes, “Transgender people experience some of the highest levels of hostility, violence and discrimination... because others regard the demand of transgender people to be themselves and to act in ways that appear normal and rational to themselves, as challenging to the heteronormative binary division of humanity into male and female categories, predetermined by their bodily attributes established at birth.” The law has re-enforced the binary stereotype, he says, reflecting common attitudes and assumptions.

Ten years after Michael’s birth and the ramifications of not conforming to binary gender are very apparent to Kate and David.

They took the path more travelled: affirmative therapy. Simply put this means affirming the child’s gender identity of choice and letting them lead the way through three stages of transition. Stage one can start from as young as two, and means the child dresses, plays and then uses the pronoun that fits their sense of self. Stage two involves medical intervention: beginning at puberty with hormone blockers (from around age 10) and then moving on to cross-sex hormones (around the age of 16.) The final stage of transition (from age 18 years) is surgical realignment, or gender confirmation surgery, offered after the transitioning adult has lived one year full-time in their chosen gender. This is not something that people undergo, without considerable deliberation: it is expensive, involves risk and is irreversible.

“Generally cross-sex hormones are given approximately two years after hormone blockers,” says Kate. “This allows two

years, in theory, for a child to change their mind, but that, to my knowledge, is unusual.” Reversion statistics (those who revert back to their birth sex) say clinicians, are very low – some quote one percent. Not low, Dr Michelle Telfer of Melbourne’s Royal Children’s Hospital has reported, are the numbers of referrals of children who present as transgender. They have spiked. Social change and safer and effective medical treatments see more young people seeking help. *The Medical Journal of Australia* concurs, noting in 2015: “The growth in applications for approval to treat gender dysphoria suggests a level of unmet need – a phenomenon also apparent in the United States.”

In Perth, Kate and David are making ever more appointments at Princess Margaret Hospital’s Gender Diversity clinic. Milly has socially transitioned but now puberty beckons – stage two is close. Blood tests will determine how close. Endocrinologists need to allow the beginnings of puberty to happen so they can harvest sperm, meaning Milly will have the choice to have biological children in the future. Milly is just ten, but for the parents of transgender children, the clinical choices they make early on have significant future consequence.

Clinicians, it turns out, also fall roughly into left and right – conservative and progressive, best demonstrated by the outcry following the BBC’s documentary *Transgender: Do Kids Know Best?* which aired in the UK early this year and was viewed here by Net audiences. Filmmakers are being accused by progressives of giving undue airtime to the ideas of psychologist Dr Kenneth Zucker, a big-hitter in gender diverse circles and firmly in the conservative camp.

Zucker ran Toronto’s Centre for Addiction and Mental Health gender identity clinic for 30 years, but notoriously lost this position in late 2015, after an investigation. Some have accused Zucker of using reparative therapy, that is,

“curing” children of their transgender, much as doctors of old tried to “cure” homosexuals. He strongly denies this, declaring his approach is “developmentally informed therapy.” His outspokenness doesn’t help his cause. His attitude to affirming the gender the child feels and says they are, is revealed in his statement: “A four-year-old might say that he’s a dog – do you go out and buy dog food?”

Zucker represents the wryly named “drop the Barbie” approach. This suggests children manifesting gender dysphoria will, given time, desist and likely go on to live life as a gay or bisexual person. This runs counter to much current thinking. Despite this, Zucker remains an influential voice and spoke at the European Professional Association for Transgendder Health.

The jury, as Nikki says, is out. And speaking of which, she and Anthea might be pleased to know they share a sentiment held by Australia’s top legal mind. Over to the Honourable Justice Michael Kirby: “All that most transgender people ask for, is that other people, in their own community, accept their reality and cease worrying intrusively about the anatomical features with which they were born. If other citizens are concerned about such matters, they should be told, in clear but firm language, that it is not their business.”

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**ALL TRANSGENDER
PEOPLE ASK FOR, IS
THAT OTHER PEOPLE,
IN THEIR OWN
COMMUNITY, ACCEPT
THEIR REALITY**
,



TRANS-GENDER GENERATION

TRANSGENDER ISSUES SHOULD BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. BUT WE NEED TO MAKE SURE WE LEAVE ROOM FOR KIDS TO BE KIDS

BY BRENDAN O'NEILL

TO those of us who were kids in the 80s, or earlier, the trans children phenomenon can feel a little unsettling.

Between the ages of 3 and 13, before puberty caught a hold of us and drove us temporarily mad, we worried our little heads about stuff like toys, and football, and who was friends with who, in that place we thought was the centre of the universe: the school playground.

Sure, we thought our ups and downs and fallouts with mates were tragedies and comedies of Shakespearean proportions. But of course, they weren't. They were just the small-fry stuff in an average kid's life.

Fast forward a few decades, and it seems kids now worry about a whole lot more. About ideas and words that would have been utterly alien to our infant ears. About things like gender and dysphoria and 'spectrums' that have male at one end, female at the other, and a whole galaxy of other genders in between.

This isn't small-fry stuff. It's the stuff of existence itself. It's the question of whether one's biology matches up with one's feelings. When we were kids we fretted over whether the lunch hall would serve fish fingers (good) or stew (please, no). Now some kids are in turmoil over the fundamental issue of whether they're male or female – or neither.

And if you think childhood should be a carefree zone, fenced off from the angst of adult life, this is strange and worrying.

In recent years, the issue of trans kids has exploded into the public consciousness. The BBC has made documentaries about very young boys who believe they're girls, and teenage girls having hormonal treatment to prevent the development of breasts.

Schools are having to think hard about how to cope with trans kids. Gender-neutral toilets have been installed in some schools. But what about changing rooms? Sports teams? The idea of boys who identify as girls getting changed with girls makes some feel uncomfortable. And if a teenage lad full of hormones and newfound strength starts to identify as a girl and signs up to an all-girl running squad or tennis team, isn't he likely to outperform them all on account of his biological clout? Is that fair to girls?

In what is thought to be the youngest trans-kids case in Britain, a six-year-old boy, Daniel, was allowed to return to school as Danni after the summer break.

Daniel's parents took him to the doctor's to find out why he loved playing with dolls and hated his penis. Daniel was 'diagnosed with gender dysphoria', and the doctor suggested letting him "live as a girl." This is becoming a familiar story: boys of 6, 7, 8 or 9 who like Lady Gaga more than Ronaldo being told they might actually be female.

In some countries, kids are even allowed to take puberty-blocking drugs. So boys can prevent the dreaded breaking of their voice and growth of their testicles, and girls can stop breast development and even periods.

So is all of this healthy? Some have their doubts. One British feminist describes puberty-blocking drugs as "child abuse", in that they deny kids the experience of developing alongside their peers.

Others worry there could be an element of homophobia in the rush to diagnose camp boys with gender dysphoria. Isn't it possible these boys are simply discovering their gayness?

My worry is that we risk polluting kids' minds with adult hang-ups. No six-year-old independently arrives at the idea that he's suffering from gender dysphoria. It's his parents, and

then therapists and doctors, who medicate him.

There's a danger we aren't letting kids be kids. That where we should be saying "That's nice, dear" to the boy who's effeminate or the girl who's a tomboy, we instead freak out and seek a medical explanation for their behaviour.

This is the tough balance we have to strike: how to ensure kids have the freedom to play around with their identity while also not filling their immature, innocent minds with heavy-tripping ideas about gender that just might not be appropriate in all cases.

Perhaps the boy who likes girl's things isn't a girl; maybe he's just a boy who likes girl's things. If adults accept this, we could help to make certain kids' childhoods less fraught and more fun. And then leave them to make the really big decisions about identity when they're older, wiser, and independent. **1**

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NO SIX-YEAR-OLD
INDEPENDENTLY
ARRIVES AT THE IDEA
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FROM GENDER
DYPHORIA
’**



MISTRESS TOKYO

EVER WONDERED WHAT GOES ON INSIDE A BDSM DUNGEON? WE FOUND OUT
WITH SYDNEY'S PREMIER PROFESSIONAL DOMINATRIX
BY SEAN BRUCE

I'm standing across the road from a non-descript commercial property in Sydney's Inner West. The entrance to the building is an unmarked door, and I'm guessing that the people passing me on the street have no idea what's on the other side. I knock softly, and I'm invited in by a friendly voice. Once across the threshold I've entered the carefully crafted realm of Mistress Tokyo, where she brings to life a range of creative kink and fetish fantasies. She kindly offers me a glass of coconut water, and I get a short tour. One of her rooms looks how you might imagine a typical BDSM dungeon would. The smell of polished leather is strong, it's dark and there's a rack stacked with an assortment of whips, ropes, chains and dildos, among other strange devices that leave plenty of room for the imagination. A large leather board upon which Tokyo straps her slaves dominates the centre of the space. But it's the second room that forms a deeper impression. It's a medical theatre with an assortment of doctor props, sinister looking medical instruments and a chair with straps and stirrups. It's confronting for the uninitiated. But there's no reason to be afraid. Tokyo is friendly, energetic, and accommodating – nothing like the personality she manifests when she's in a scene, which I can only assume is much more severe. During our few hours together, we

talk about the BDSM scene, her unique role as a professional dominatrix and why she thinks people get pleasure from pain.

PH: You describe yourself as a "bondage top with a strong sadistic streak". What does that actually mean?

Mistress Tokyo: I am a person who enjoys bondage. I am a sadist, which means that I enjoy inflicting pain on other people and I find it erotic, arousing and emotionally fulfilling. And as for being a top, I work as a Pro-Domme, but the personae that I most often manifest do not lean heavily on domination and submission protocols. I make reference to traditional leather protocols, "Yes Mistress, no Mistress, thank you Mistress", slave training and all those sorts of things. For someone outside the kink scene, the different nomenclature – it is confusing.

Can you explain to us some of the terminology?

BD – bondage and discipline. DS – domination and submission and SM – sadomasochism. Domination and submission is where two or more people partake in games, apropos sex where they consensually have a power exchange where one person is dominant and the other person is submissive. People negotiate how they give or take power in a consensual or self-aware and informed way.

What makes a good dominatrix?

A lack of ego. If you get too caught up in your own persona you're going to forget there's someone else in the room. You need a certain amount of ability to communicate well with a submissive

and you need to understand exactly the sort of journey you're taking that person on. Everything you do must engender trust. Even if you're being a nasty cunt it must engender trust.

Do your sessions get sexual in the traditional sense?

There is no 'full service' as we call it in the sex industry. So there's no penetration of myself. But then you start to ask, what's sex? For me, sex is anything that is apropos orgasm. So if someone orgasms when I'm doing prostate massage, and they do, that's a form of sex. I have never done vanilla straight non-BDSM sex work. I do things that the person finds arousing, which could be being

caned, being pierced, being pissed on. And towards the end of the professional experience, not always, but 80% of the time, I will provide them with hand relief, or I will put the Hitachi on them, or they will relieve themselves. So there is no full service on myself, I don't get naked, they do not get to touch me, they do not get to see my breasts, they do not get to kiss me, sometimes they don't even get to look at me, because it's rude. Many mistresses these days who have come from the straight sex industry will provide body worship which is cunnilingus, for me that's never been a BDSM activity.

Do you ever feel your dominatrix personality seeping into your outside life?

Not really. Privately I'm not a dominant, I'm a switch. So I enjoy

‘
**ADRENALIN STARTS
COURSING THROUGH
YOUR SYSTEM,
DOPAMINE AND ALL
THOSE THINGS, AND
YOU'RE SENT INTO AN
ALTERED STATE**
’

being on the bottom and the top. I basically work quite hard and I've done emotional work to make sure that I have integrity in regards to my personal identity and my session personae. I often find people in a scene who have interbled those two things. We call that top's disease. So you might meet someone who is a dominant and they're quite overbearing. They're quite arrogant and they think they can talk to everyone like their slave, which is just basically being overbearing and arrogant. Or you might meet a submissive who wants to be a slave to anyone who might dominate them.

You've toured all around the world. Can you tell us a little bit about the kink scenes in other countries?

I have some experience of the kink scene in Japan both privately and professionally. I find that when I go to a club in Japan, people are really comfortable with themselves. We'll be sitting in a club or at party, we're in full latex, in boots and corsets and all that sort of stuff and people are nearby – like someone is being fisted and some woman who's never done rope before is being tied up and has whacks all over her breasts and is really present, she's really emotionally available and is very expressive about what is going on for her, and we're like: "This is really cool". Chicago, Florida, New York or Los Angeles, I've played in all those places. I find people more interested in making a show and more interested in the theatre of things as opposed to necessarily really going into a more sort of spiritual and embodied space.

I notice you have a lot of devices designed to asphyxiate people – is this a popular request?

When we talk about breath play we don't talk about asphyxiation. We talk about holding someone's breath by something as simple as putting our hand over their mouth with a rubber glove on, or putting them into a gas mask and putting your hands over the inlets and outlets, or putting a plastic bag over their head and tying it off, which is pretty intense because obviously like it's quite personal and quite conclusive. And then you rip the bag off of course, once the person starts to panic. Because people will panic. Even the most hard-core player will panic when that happens. I'm not suggesting that the viewers at home basically go off and do that as part of their sex play. That play is advanced and heavy. Any breath play is risky. So please do not suddenly read *50 Shades of Grey* and then go off and put a bag over someone's head.

Are people aroused by physical pain and humiliation?

It's part thematic and it's part psychological. If I take someone into a room and I tie them down, there's a psychological effect. They're vulnerable. Powerless. Then I take a whip to them, or a cane or a paddle, or even just my hand. And I can put their body into a physical state where certain neurotransmitters and hormones are released into the body that create an aroused state. And I don't just mean sexually aroused, your adrenalin starts coursing through your system, dopamine and all those things, and you're sent into an altered state. You get into what some athletes call 'the zone'. This is what BDSM is about. It's about using whatever we've got, whatever tools; whether it's a whip, gas mask, scalpel, needle, or a waterboard; to use people's bodies to put them into an altered and accelerated physical and mental state. And then once you bring sexual arousal into it everything becomes amplified.

How does a dominant get pleasure from being in control and inflicting pain?

As a professional and also private player, I most certainly get



PHOTO: ROBERTO DURAN



**‘
YOU GET INTO
WHAT SOME
ATHLETES CALL
‘THE ZONE’. THIS
IS WHAT BDSM
IS ABOUT
,’**

satisfaction from crafting a scene that is dynamic, intuitive, intense, personal, connected and unique. You can take a piece of rope, some needles or whatever you've got and you can create something that is intimate for just the two of you, that you enjoy in that particular moment. And then once the scene's over you can never be in that place and you can never be those people or enjoy those activities in the same way ever again.

You obviously have a very good grasp of the human body and you use a lot of medical terminology when describing BDSM – is there a connection there?

In professional BDSM there are many, many people – specifically women, particularly cis-gendered women, who work in the medical profession. I have worked alongside some of the best dominatrices in this country, and in others, and there are a lot of women who are nurses, clinical psychologists, dental nurses, paramedics. I have certainly considered becoming a paramedic myself if I was to change out of this career.

What do you think the relationship here is?

Care giving, nurturing, holding space. Someone comes to you and you essentially support their experience. I have clients come to me seeking something from me, which you could consider to be a remedy for an itch they've got to scratch, or a sexual predilection they have. So I manifest something for them and it's like: "take two of these." Then they go back to their life. It's a very intimate relationship even though it's not necessarily as personal as an intimate relationship like a boyfriend, girlfriend, wife, lover, husband etc. I'm not a medical professional, so I can't talk to you about medical professional careers, but what I see is that there could be a commonality between nurturing, care giving, space holding and fixing people. **I think some people would find it ironic – the idea of care giving and sadism being related.**

People outside BDSM stand and look at a woman beating a man in leather, and they see abuse or they see overt sexualised, hedonistic behaviour. They don't necessarily see the preceding negotiation. They don't see all the patient listening and the attempts to communicate with clarity about mutual needs and desires. They also don't see that guy saying "yellow" which means slow down or "red" which means stop. They don't see the woman in the leather beating him, watching his breaths so keenly, watching the sweat on his brow, watching his eye movements, and watching the whole of his body, and really being attuned to what is physically and psychologically going on with him. They don't see that. They just see overt sadomasochistic, potentially abusive behaviour. If you step inside our lives and see how we do what we do, you will lose that sense of irony or shock.

What do you think are some of the biggest misconceptions surrounding BDSM and what you do?

The standard stuff. That it's abusive – as in things happen to people without their consent. People think that somehow we're sick or perverted, like I don't really know where the word 'sick' comes from. Perverted, yeah totally. Or that we don't have

any morality. That we've got paedophilic tendencies. Or that we want to have sex outside our species. Really ill-informed opinions like that.

What was your first domme experiences? How did you get involved in the BDSM scene?

I moved to Melbourne from my home town of Perth and I'd heard about the Hellfire Club. I rang the person who was running it at that time and met with him to discuss working on shows. I had just graduated out of WAAPA, the Western Australian Academy of Performing Arts, with a Costume Degree. And the night that I walked into the club I was dressed in what I now know is fetish clothing – wearing shoes and corsetry and a whip. I walked in and I absolutely found my tribe. Regarding my first experience as a Pro Domme, I remember ringing one place, (the second professional dungeon that I'd ever approached), and they accepted me as a possible trainee. I went in for an interview and I remember talking to the Headmistress there. There was one slave, his name was Primrose, he was a middle aged, grey haired, balding, overweight gentleman with a moustache who was in the cage at the House of Domination, in a hallway. People were chiding him and I said

to the Mistress, "Wow you look like you might need some help. I'd love to train here", and she accepted me on that point.

How does your job affect your personal dating life?

One thing I'm really aware of is that I work odd hours. My work day can change really rapidly. So I can be here and I might want to go out to do something. I might want to go and spend time with my partner. I might want to just hang with my friends or have some time to myself, and a session might come up or someone might be running late and it might affect my ability to get to an event on time. So that's one thing I really

appreciate, is anyone who I spend time with understands my work life – I don't work a 9 to 5, I work 10 to 10, six days a week. As for when I am trying to meet new people, there's always this moment of disclosure around what I do, that I do sex work. There's always a moment of disclosure that I am a dominatrix, and what I cannot be bothered with and do not have the time for are people who are not completely comfortable with that.

And in terms of disclosure, when you meet people for the first time, how do you bring up what you do?

In an organic fashion. I don't necessarily immediately put it on the table, because there's a risk of it being picked up like a piece of bait and then I'm sensationalised. "Oh wow are you a Pro Domme?! Wow, cool! I'd really like to try bondage!"

"Well, you know, I've got these tickets to this band. Oh you want to try bondage? But this band's in town."

And they're like, "What? You've got a website!"

I also have an ABN a tax file number, an accountant and a lawyer. And a private life. So I tend to avoid people who believe that I am my dominatrix persona. ❶

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**PEOPLE OUTSIDE
BDSM STAND AND
LOOK AT A WOMAN
BEATING A MAN IN
LEATHER, AND THEY SEE
ABUSE OR THEY SEE
OVERT SEXUALISED,
HEDONISTIC
BEHAVIOUR**
”



SYNTHETIC LOVE TRIANGLE

PEOPLE ARE FREAKING OUT ABOUT NEW, LIFE-LIKE SEX DOLLS. BUT THEY'VE BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE, SO WHAT GIVES?

INSPIRATION for this latest TECH piece didn't come easily. Inspired by the recent "Realdoll" phenomena taking place on my Facebook feed, I began to scour the internet. What are *Realdolls* and why are people freaking out?

As it turns out, they are anthropomorphic, artificial dolls made of silicone that are soft and anatomically correct, and are ostensibly made for sex. One particular owner made headlines after describing his creation as such: "Basically she likes to be touched. She has different modes of interaction – she has romantic, family, and sexy modes."

To be clear, he is talking about a synthetic doll. Make of it what you will.

The phenomena is not new. Sex dolls, in some form, have existed for hundreds of years. The story of Pygmalion goes: A sculptor carves a statue in

appreciating her. Just being able to see her looking at me regarding me, and me doing the same back; it's the difference between being alone and lonely."

That is one end of the spectrum. It is, at least in my searches, the most extreme end I could find. Falling in love, and making love with a silicone companion is bizarre to most people. But hey, whatever makes you happy. Live and let live.

But maybe I don't want a doll, and I'm bored with my hand. What are my in-between options?

You could try the *Fleshlight Launch*. *Fleshlight* have teamed up with *Kiiroo* to create a "fully automated male masturbator." Just pop your favourite *Fleshlight* in and choose your setting. In manual mode, you can use its touch controls to adjust the speed, length and position of your stroke. In interactive mode, you sync *The Launch* to your computer or mobile via Bluetooth and opt for it to

"A GOOD SOLID HAPPY TIME WOULD BE WHEN I'M IN BED WITH HER. NOT ACTUALLY HAVING SEX, BUT JUST LYING NEXT TO HER AND APPRECIATING HER"

the shape of a beautiful woman. It's so beautiful that he falls in love with her, prays that she could become real, has his wish granted, and lives happily ever after. Seventeenth century sailors often used cloth to fashion fornicatory dolls known as *dame de voyage* in French, or *dama de viaje* in Spanish.

From its roots in the mythical, pre-digital age to now, where large online communities, (mostly of men), who interact and share stories and photos of experiences with their dolls. From photo shoots to intimate moments – an object of intimacy, affection and love.

"Shi-chan spends 99.9% of time in my room. This is probably a good gauge of when I'm happy. Being really alone, but with her. It's a good sense of happiness.

That's a real life account from Davecat, a synthetic love activist. He continues: "A good solid happy time would be when I'm in bed with her. Not actually having sex, but just lying next to her and

perform whatever kind of adult content floats your boat – you can even have a VR experience. The online content connected to the device includes videos, games, and webcam sessions.

There are a lot of impressive hi-tech features on the new *Launch*. First of all, it's completely customisable as far as which *Fleshlight* you choose to lock inside the main compartment (being as it's compatible with all of them). *The Launch* is also compatible with the *Kiiroo Onyx* and *Pearl*, so put that in your pipe and smoke it. What we're trying to tell you is this: it's possible to buy a *Fleshlight* that's modelled after your favourite porn star's pussy and then sync up your *Launch* device with that porn star's exclusive online content. That's about as close as any of us will get to actually fucking women who would never give us the time of day.

Over 12 million *Fleshlights* have been sold worldwide. 





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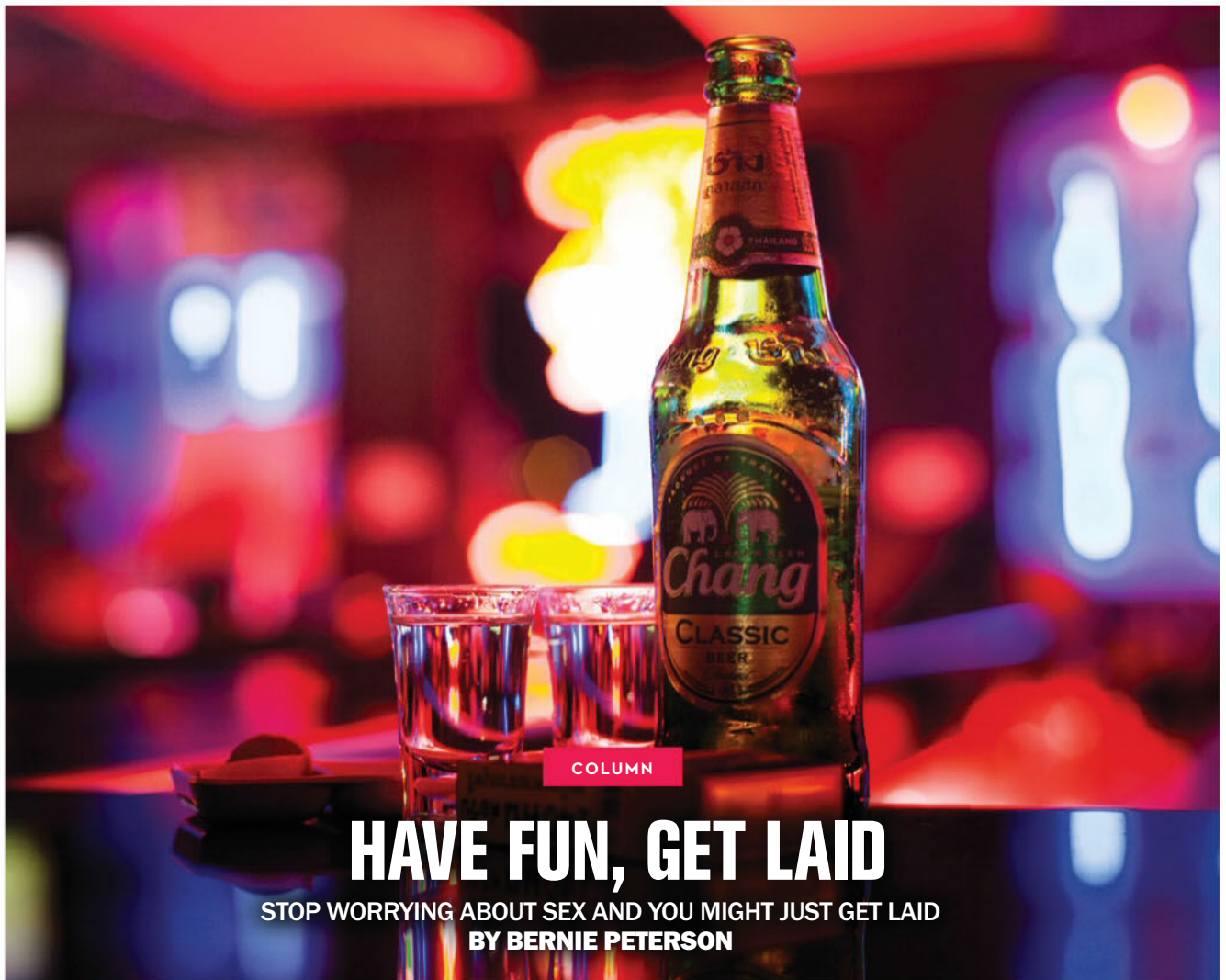
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COLUMN

HAVE FUN, GET LAID

STOP WORRYING ABOUT SEX AND YOU MIGHT JUST GET LAID
BY BERNIE PETERSON

I remember when I was a kid, I thought sex involved putting my penis in a vagina and peeing into it. I also imagined that condoms were to be put on your tongue for the act of kissing. Thankfully, I have progressed a little since then. Confused and angry, my mother bribed me with cookies and milk and made me sit down and watch a video on how the birds and bees worked. I was only a kid and it was all very strange.

Nowadays I'm still confused, just a little less.

Growing up, sex was always about performance, and how many notches you could get. A symbol of masculinity.

"How good did you fuck her? How many girls have you slept with?" I was sold ideas from a young age. I saw it on TV, read about it in magazines, heard it from my older friends and watched it in movies.

So as a young fella, you go out and chase pussy, and if you were anything like me you had no idea what you were doing. I was like a kid fumbling around in a dark room full of sharp objects – a room which, I had been promised, if I continued searching, would produce something of great value.

And eventually I found it.

Growing up, my best friends were pussy fiends. They were having threesomes – always with the 'babes,' and I'd be lucky to get a kiss. It grated on me, but it didn't destroy me. They were just better at picking up than me.

Why was that? That was a question I began to ask myself.

What were they doing that I wasn't? Why did everybody (not just girls) gravitate toward them? Was it something that could be learned? They were always laughing, having fun and smiling. What was it? That something stoked a fire within me that I've been chasing ever since – and it's paid dividends.

It soon became clear. They didn't give a fuck what people thought about them, at least, not overtly. I realised that unlike me, they didn't succumb to the fear of what others may think. They were playing and having fun. From that moment I went from 0 – 100 real quick.

"The greatest prison people live in is the fear of what other people think."

I started meeting a lot of girls. Parties were insane. It was like I had a new super power. I was talking to girls, they were laughing at my shit jokes, I was getting numbers, I was getting laid. I was playing the field, and it was fucking great. All of a sudden I was the dude. I had realised my object of desire.

So what was it? Well, I lightened the fuck up. The less I worried about getting laid, the more I got laid.

Instead of inducing anxiety, social situations became games. I stopped placing emphasis on single interactions and instead had fun with them. Why had I been obsessed with people not liking me, or thinking I was weird? I am weird. I flipped that mode of thought and instead embraced my weirdness, I wore rejections like a little badge (I have a lot of badges), I laughed them off and added it to the pool of experience. I started being myself. ❶



9/11
2007

THE SKIN TRADE

PORN AND CENSORSHIP HAVE A LONG AND CHEQUERED PAST. I FOUND MYSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AGE-OLD DEBATE ABOUT WHAT'S TOO OBSCENE TO BE SEEN
BY CHARLES WATERSTREET

EARLIER in this millennium, looking at a pile of briefs stacked up high on my desk, I despaired to my loyal legal assistant Janice, "Why is it all just sex offences, drugs and porn in these briefs?"

Janice, firm but gentle replied, "Horses for courses."

It was true. If I studied medicine, I probably would have been a gynaecologist. My early heroes in civil liberties and censorship were Richard Neville at the Oz trial in London, and Larry Flynn at *Hustler*. Closer to home, however, one of my personal idols in the battle against censorship is Willy Wamfler – a little known footnote in the trench warfare between civil libertarians and the prudish values of Church, priests and hypocritical politicians.

In a warehouse in King's Cross, Willy Wamfler, an engineer by trade, had hundreds of video machines – Betas and Blockers, stacked to the ceiling, copying an American porno, smuggled in the underwear of a Les Girls dancer. A single video player was hooked up to the hundreds of machines, copying one tape at a time and beginning again after the original porno played itself out in real-time.

Video tape censorship was in the safe hands of the NSW Parliament, under the Obscene Publications Act, administered by the ever-vigilant NSW Fire Squad. Although a classification scheme operated federally in Canberra and the territories, after years of sales of these explicit videos in sex shops, the authorities finally struck at the very heart of the operation – the sweaty engineer in the belly of the boat.

Police methods of crackdowns on crime have not changed much over the years. Police dogs prowl festivals and Sydney's bars in search of drug users, leaving the captains of industry untouched. Crackdowns begin at the bottom and work their way down.

I once faced a jury of 12 and a closeted gay judge (happily named after his office, Justice Roger Court), with the hapless Willy Wamfler in the dock. A civil engineer working for the bosses whose company and name were on each copy of each contraband tape he had helped produce.

Wamfler had obtained a Commonwealth classification copy of *Clit Hanger* (RC Adults Only). But in NSW's courts, whatever those perverts in Canberra thought was fit for adults was not so in NSW, where twelve good men and women would decide if the film was obscene and without literary, or scientific merit.

The jury watched *Clit Hanger* played for two and half hours. The first ten minutes were so agonisingly long that you could hear the pitter-patter of fly wings hitting the ceiling. Those 12 jurors still may be the only people on Earth who have watched a porno to the end.

My expert spoke to the jury about the therapeutic merit of married couples watching *Clit Hanger* for frigidity and/or intimacy. Judge Court instructed the jury to ignore that evidence and Wamfler was convicted on the direction of the judge. I think it was the anal sex between consenting heterosexual men and women that sent our stocks to rock bottom. The jury visibly shuffled during these perverse scenes, which depicted the "abominable crime of buggery." The Court of Criminal Appeal quickly cleared Wamfler, who had an honest and reasonable belief that his federal certificate of RC covered his arse in NSW.

After Wamfler, the best brains in the country passed joint censorship laws at a federal and state level, and Club X, the infamous country-wide purveyors of pornography, hired me to defend them against the crackdown on adult film, which had resulted in mass arrests of the poor sales people behind the counter. Police in plain clothes pretending to make ordinary purchases, dressed in

Mambo shirts and long white socks and sandals caught sales men and women with their pants down, red-handed, and seized copies of all the adult videos in the shops. Hundreds of thousands of seized copies were kept safely in police exhibit rooms. Police around Australia sent examples of the seized contraband to Film Classifications Board and in time, Certificates trickled back with RC (banned), X or NC which indicated not classified.

Thousands of charges were laid against the counter staff. But in a rare stroke of

luck, I had taught Administrative Law at the University of New South Wales. The Classification (Publications, Films and Computer Games) Act 1995 required under section 14 that there be written applications for classification, and under section 16, prescribed fees were required for the privilege. All over Australia, police had just sent the seized films to the Classification Board without regard to sections 14 and 16. The loophole was now around the police Commissioner's head.

After argument before the awesome, highly respected Magistrate Hugh Dillon, he ruled that all certificates for all videos were invalid, because they had been no applications filled out, nor any fees paid. He ordered that the videos be returned – to my chambers.

For some time, I was the most popular barrister on the floor, where sleepless colleagues borrowed videos as sleeping aids. After the Dillon decision, for five years, there was no Classification system at all through Art Australia because the highly conservative Tasmanian Senator Brian Hassledine held out for the strictest penalties and most radical censorship. ❶

**THOSE 12 JURORS
STILL MAY BE THE
ONLY PEOPLE ON
EARTH WHO HAVE
WATCHED A PORNO
TO THE END**

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HIV PUNKS

IN THE EARLY 1990S, BEING A PUNK IN COMMUNIST CUBA MEANT INFECTING YOURSELF WITH HIV
BY SEAN BRUCE

FOR those who are on the outside, it's hard understanding the punk mentality. That's the point. Being 'punk' is about shocking your parents, rebelling against norms, and creating a counterculture wholly separate from the stifling conformity of the mainstream. However, sometimes that devil-may-care attitude goes too far – this was certainly the case for the Cuban punks who injected themselves with HIV infected blood in the early 1990s. As foolish as it seems now, for the small group of dissident rockers and punks living in the confines of the tiny island nation, self-administering one of the deadliest diseases in the world was a way to escape on their own terms – from a harshly oppressive regime that sought to eliminate their existence.

This tragic story of misspent youth started on Christmas Day, 1991. The hammer and sickle flag was lowered over the Kremlin in Moscow for the last time and along with other soviet satellites around the world, Cuba was cut loose and left to fend for itself. For the Cuban people, who were already amid an economic crisis, this was troubling to say the least. The Cuban economy up until that point was floated primarily by soviet support. Harsh trade restrictions imposed by the United States meant that the socialist republic relied on the Russians for about 80 per cent of its imports and exports. This was the beginning of a time Fidel Castro euphemistically referred to as the "special period".

It's not unusual for leaders of faltering states to tighten the screws and crack down on dissident behaviour. And for a young punk who idolised a distinctly westernised brand of rebellion, the 'special period' was tough. If you were the sort of kid who grew a Mohawk, pierced any available surface and rocked out to the Ramones, you were likely to find yourself in direct conflict with the National Revolutionary Police Force – or worse – the army, who routinely beat, incarcerated and forced any young punks who dared stand up to the authority of the state into labour camps.

What's a nonconformist to do when the beatings get too much and forced labour



is in direct contradiction to everything they stand for? The solution for a tribe of punks and rockers who called themselves *Los Frikis* was to intentionally contract HIV. Sounds crazy, which it was, but there was a rationale behind this seemingly pointless act of self-destruction. "We gave ourselves AIDS to liberate ourselves from society and these laws about obligatory work, and to live in our own world," said Luis Enrique Delgado, a Friki who was interviewed by *Newsweek* magazine in 1994.

But rebellion wasn't the only thing on their minds. Being HIV positive was a ticket to special sanitariums set up to quarantine infected individuals. Outside of the military's control, the institutions were run by progressive public health officials who gave the patients access to food, medicine, and other comforts such as air-conditioning, that were scarce in Cuba. And perhaps more importantly, *Los Frikis* were allowed to be themselves.

The sanitariums became hubs of creativity. Gay men lived together, art classes and theatre troupes formed and loud heavy rock music blasted from the inhabitants' dorms – it was an oasis of alternative culture in an otherwise inhospitable nation. As more rebellious kids caught wind of what was going on, the more HIV spread to bolster the *Frikis'* ranks.

Juan Carlos Quintana, another young Friki who was interviewed by *Newsweek*, injected himself when he was 17 because he had fallen in love with an HIV-infected girl. They were married in the sanitarium but by the time the interview took place, his wife had already succumbed to the disease. Juan Carlos, like most of the other *Frikis*, eventually died in a similar fashion. It's hard to know if in those early days of the AIDS crisis they truly appreciated that a cure wasn't coming or that adequate treatment would still be decades away from being perfected.

Was it worth it? In their defiance they ended up doing themselves more harm than they did to the state, so it would seem not. But at least for a while they lived in their own little utopian world. ❶

07/17

ON THE RISE **LORENZO BOTERO**

One babe, one graffiti-covered alley, one amazing afternoon with Lorenzo Botero



















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MUSINGS OF THE FINEST MINDS

I see him first from a distance. He's strikingly slender, his thin frame topped by a flop of bouffant hair. He meanders down George Street, two heads above everyone else, which is hardly surprising, as by reputation his brain is twice the size of ordinary mortals. He reminds me of Big Bird from Sesame Street, mixed with the sanguine good looks of an ageing heartthrob, or a bassist in a band that shouldn't be touring anymore. My first impression proves correct. For after he sits, he bursts into rapid-fire conversation that swings this way and that and I realise he is indeed a wonderful contradiction of many things – a visual and intellectual hotchpotch of a human wrapped in freckled flesh. A tremendous swirl of polar opposites jumbled in with a large dash of *joie de vivre* and a serving of "I don't give a damn."

This is Charles Waterstreet: barrister in criminal law, writer, socialite, film and theatre producer, columnist, humorist and, as I am to discover, womaniser.

He speaks in a posh drawl as if slightly drunk, but I soon discover he's teetotal. He recoils when I offer him a glass of Shiraz.

"Don't think I'm as good as you think I am," he smiles, "I've done a lot of drugs. When I was born I realised I had a cocaine deficiency."

"You can't say that," I answer, "You're a barrister."

"I just did," he replies.

This is going to be interesting.

"My mother was an alcoholic but I only drank to excess," he continues, the corners of his eyes smiling too, "I haven't touched a drop or a drug for twenty years. It's a funny thing I spent the first half of my life trying to kill myself and the second half trying to live forever."

The waitress approaches and Charles immediately flirts. In fact, during our interview he charms everyone; the barmaid, passers-by, I

swear even a pigeon falls under his rakish spell.

Of indeterminate age, Mr Waterstreet has a twenty-five-year-old son.

"How long were you married for?" I ask.

"All night," he replies. "She found two lipstick smeared champagne flutes in the sink of my hotel room on our wedding night. I thought as I was newly married, I should start as I mean to go on and tell the truth. So I told her about the two women who'd celebrated the end of my bachelordom. That was the last time I told the truth in marriage. I lived in a motel for three weeks after that."

Mr Waterstreet hasn't lost his truth gene with the passing years. If anything his blunt honesty has been sharpened to a point.

"How old are you really?" I ask, genuinely unsure, for he looks as if he has bathed in Oil of Olay for decades, "I mean you have quite the reputation for being a ladies man. It must be quite hard to keep up."

"Nearly 30," he lies. He is, in fact, sixty-six. "But my portrait in the Archibald keeps getting younger. I call it my fifty shades of Dorian Gray. Naughtiness reduces ageing you see, and I've never felt more blood flowing through my veins."

"Is that true Charles?"

"Well, in truth, I'm finding I'm slowing down a lot," he continues, a cheeky glint flickering behind his spectacles, "I don't frequent bars so nowadays I meet most of my girls online."

"What do you look for in these women?"

"I'm fluid. I like blondes, redheads, and brunettes, all of them in every shade and colour. I've had interesting experiences. Female sexuality is a volcano you see. Once I was with these beautiful girls and a superfluous man. One of the girls put my hand on his penis. It felt like old cheese and a wet fish all at once. I've never gotten over it. I still wake up some nights with a frozen palm."

"Well, you obviously weren't looking for that

then.”

“No,” he answers gently, “I’ve spent years interviewing the fairer sex and I’ve discovered there’s a little sugar and a whole lot of spice.”

“Is spice what you seek?”

He smiles and sips his Diet Coke – the only drink allowed under doctor’s orders. His answer comes from left-field.

“Did you know the female body is completely covered in flesh?”

It dawns on me I’m dealing with a fine legal mind honed over years in the nuances of argument, misdirection and persuasion, defending some of Australia’s most notorious rule breakers; murderers, drug dealers, and terrorists. This man has charmed them all and many of their jurors. Even the artist he defended ended up painting his portrait, and it won the 2015 Archibald prize.

I change tack.

“Have you ever been in love?”

“Many times,” he answers. For a beat his eyes mist behind his polished lenses. “I love ‘love’ you see. Three years ago a girl, whom I loved tremendously, went overseas. She broke my heart.”

was a young boy I went back there, fascinated by the breastfeeding process. I went around and tried all the different breasts.”

“Didn’t the women think that odd?”

“No, they thought it was funny.”

I feel slightly hypnotised by the man and not at all repulsed. His candour is disarming and his stories make me hungry for more.

“How would you describe yourself?”

“A bumptious, strange guy,” he answers. “I don’t care what others think. I deal in the truth. When you get older you realise what people say doesn’t matter very much.”

As he continued to speak, I understood Charles more. He was not a man who told tall tales. He was simply a tall man who’s experienced a lot in life.

‘What would you have done if you weren’t a barrister? You co-created *‘Rake’* the television series. You’ve written for the *Sydney Morning Herald*. You’ve produced hit theatre productions and the film *‘Blood Oath’* with Russell Crowe? Is there any stone left unturned?”

“I would have been a stand-up comedian.”

“Why didn’t you give that a shot?”

HE’S GUILTY OF BEING ECCENTRIC BUT HE’S NOT GUILTY OF BEING A BORE, A DULLARD OR SOMEONE I’D NOT LIKE TO SEE AGAIN

“How old was she?” I ask.

“The right demographic,” he replies quickly, “twenty-four.”

I can’t help but laugh. His easy charm had me at hello even when he talks about saying goodbye.

“She was a vagina painter,” he continues, “She painted beautiful pictures of the vaginae of all the girls I slept with. They hang in my house. She left me for a Swedish backpacker she met on a Vipassana retreat. He’s a tantric yoga teacher.”

“How clichéd,” I proffer.

“Very,” he answers.

“Why do you crave these young women?” I respond quickly. I can see he’s on a roll now and can’t wait to hear his answers.

He sits back and takes his time.

“It’s a compulsion I think. I have an excessive need for nurturing. My mother died at an early age and I was excessively spoilt and breastfed by her. I was the oldest but then she had five other children and died. I was young. I was jealous of my siblings, and when she passed my aunts and my nanny continued breastfeeding me. They had a nursing room for babies and mothers in Albury and when I

“It didn’t really exist when I was young.”

“Do you think law was the right choice?”

“Well I got into it at twenty-four and I’ve realised now that I’ve been performing all along. I dress up. I have a captive audience. Well, they can’t get up and leave, can they? And I hate to say it but if the jurors like you, there’s more chance of them voting for you. My technique is to get them laughing you see. So really, I haven’t missed out.”

“Didn’t you ever want to be the judge?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because I have no judgement.”

I sit back and laugh again. I realise Charles Waterstreet is right. I’d vote for him no matter whom he was defending. He’s guilty of being eccentric but he’s not guilty of being a bore, a dullard or someone I’d not like to see again. In fact, I’d like to spend a lot more time with him. If he ever decides to do stand-up comedy I’m sure we’ll see what we’ve been missing all these years, and judging by past performances, the comedy clubs better prepare themselves for an influx of groupies. ●













FLASHBACK

TELL IT LIKE IT IS AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

June 1983

Model: Cathy Foster

Photographer: Donald Milne ❶

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